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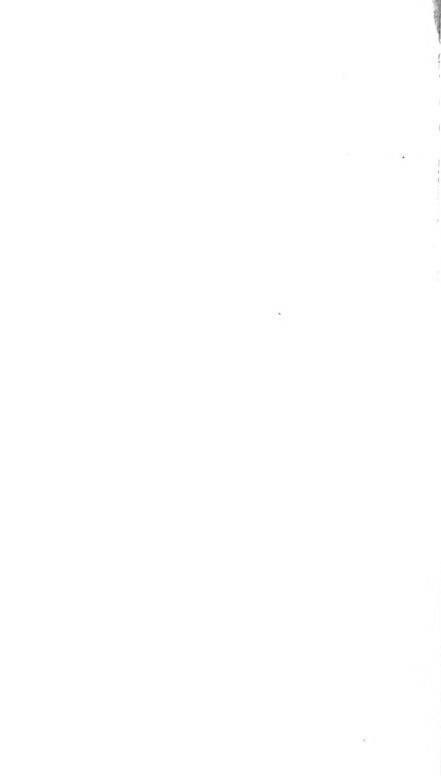


Henry W. Taylor

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H. W. Hayes.

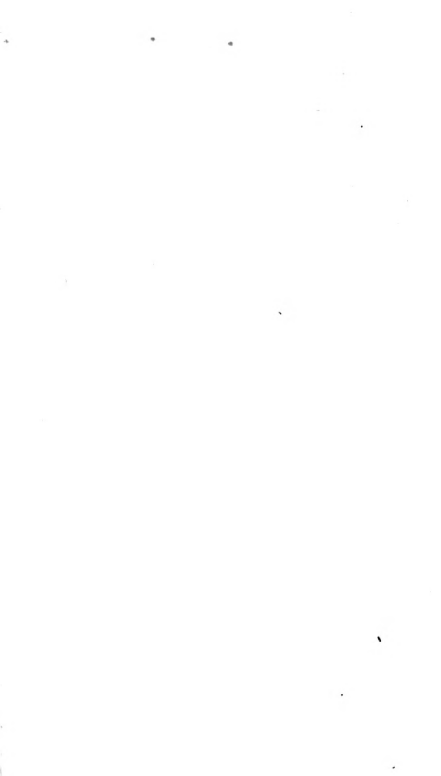


MICHAEL FARADAY

W. W. Haynes.



W. W. Haynes, Birma



SELECTIONS
FROM
THE WORKS
OF
EDWARD EVERETT,
WITH
A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

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P R E F A C E .

WERE the present little volume put forth with a view to increase the fame of the highly gifted individual from whose works it is compiled, it would necessarily be a failure. The reputation of Governor Everett, as a scholar, an orator and a statesman, rests upon an immoveable foundation ;—he needs no eulogy to perpetuate the fame which he has so nobly won. Like the Roman Poet, he may exclaim, as he looks upon his literary and political labors,

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;—*

A monument which neither Envy nor Calumny nor Party Animosity can overturn or even obliterate.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether a selection from an author's works is calculated to extend his reputation. It is argued by some, that the gems, thus extracted from his writings, lose a portion of their effect and brilliancy, from being disunited from the gold and silver of the whole production in which they were originally set. The force of this objection, however, can be met by the reply, that a judicious selection of beauties has the effect of bringing the fairer portions of the work more immediately into notice, and of placing them in a situation where they can readily be scanned, examined and admired. A good painting will be prized, whether it be surrounded by a gilded frame, or not ; and a diamond will flash and glow with its native lustre, when it lies in "beauty undorned" in the cabinet of the mineralogist, no less than when set in the gold of Ophir.

In the case of Governor Everett, it may be questioned whether, as an orator, his fame would not have stood even

higher than it now does, had his orations not been published at all. Chaste and elegant and finished as they are, showing in every line the ripe scholar, the imaginative poet, the far-sighted politician, or the clear-headed philosopher, yet how large a portion of their grace and of their effect upon the audience rested in their delivery. It would seem as though the orations of Everett ought not to have been printed, unless the printer could have exhibited upon the page, at the same time, the speaker's voice of rich, deep music, and his almost unrivalled grace of oratory. These ought not to be separated from his language; the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" should not be disunited from the manner which holds the attention captive, and the tones which enchain the heart.

The object then of our little volume is simply this;—to place within the reach of everyone a compilation of noble, correct and elevated sentiments, clothed in pure and elegant language, upon a great variety of subjects of deep and permanent interest. There are many who have taste to admire and appreciate a collection of fine statuary, or a gallery of splendid pictures, or a well arranged cabinet of gems and ores, who have neither the leisure nor the means to go round the world to make a collection for themselves. So there are many who can feel and estimate the beauties of Everett, when brought together in the compass of one small volume, who would shrink from the labor, even if they had ample time to do so, of reading through his voluminous productions to select the many eloquent passages with which they are interspersed. And there are many, possibly, intelligent readers who would hesitate to lay out a sum sufficient to purchase so large a book as Everett's Orations, who could conveniently furnish themselves with this little compendium, containing "the pith and marrow" of the larger work.

To such we commend our enterprise, and, if the public patronage should sanction the outlay, we shall in due course lay before them a similar banquet selected from the writings of other eminent men, whose labors have advanced and elevated the character of American literature.

THE EDITOR.

Boston, May, 1839.

Wm. L. G. Church

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

EDWARD EVERETT.



It has latterly become customary to record the history of eminent living characters. The custom has its objections as well as its advantages. The former consist in the danger, not always an imaginary one, of our not being able to form a correct estimate of the character of living men—of mistaking the motives of their public acts—of passing too hasty judgments upon the results of their enterprises, or, of being warped in our opinion of the individual by personal friendship, or party clamor, or political prejudice. Its advantages are chiefly to be found in the fact that the biogra-

phy of the living, if it be at the same time laudatory and just, is a higher reward for a life of virtue, than posthumous fame;—that in recommending and enforcing noble efforts in any sphere of life, we can appeal with more impressive effect to living examples, than to the memory of departed greatness;—and that “it enables society more fully to appreciate, and apply to the most beneficial purposes, those talents and virtues, which, without such publication, would be known in a sphere almost infinitely smaller.” If the assertion of the poet be correct, that

“The evils which men do, live after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones,”

the biography of living characters cannot be without great advantage, both to the subject of the notice and to the community at large. In this world, virtue is so rare an endowment, that its memory ought never to be forgotten, or its example lost.

In presenting to the public a sketch of the life of Edward Everett, it is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that he is not to expect any glowing account of military exploits, or “moving accidents by flood or field.” The

exploits of literary talent—the triumphs of mind—the efforts of virtue to benefit mankind—are for the most part quietly progressive;—they are unaccompanied by “confused noise, or garments rolled in blood.” The course of Everett has been that of genius finding its proper level, in political life and in the midst of free and permanently settled institutions. Had he lived in times of tumult and danger and revolution, we might have had very different acts to record; as it is, our narrative must be the noiseless history of a firm and consistent, but not a violent, party politician.*

Mr. Everett was born in Dorchester, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, in 1794. He descended from one of the earliest settlers of that state, who, near two centuries since, established himself in Dedham, where the family yet remain, reputable farmers. The grandfather of Mr. Everett was a farmer in that town. His father, Oliver Everett, was apprenticed to a carpenter.

* For all *matters of fact* contained in the following pages, and for much of the language in which those facts are clothed, we are indebted to a sketch published in the XXVII No. of the New England Magazine. Ed.

After coming of age, he prepared himself for college, which he entered, somewhat late in life. In 1782, he was settled as the pastor of the New South Church, in Boston. In the Biographical Dictionary of President Allen, it is stated "that after a ministry of ten years, and after having acquired a high reputation for the very extraordinary powers of his mind, the state of his health induced him to ask a dismissal from his people, in 1792." President Kirkland was his successor in that church. After retiring from the ministry, he purchased an estate in Dorchester, where he resided until his death, in 1802. In 1799, he was appointed a Judge of the Common Pleas,—this office he held until his death. He left eight children, of whom the subject of this sketch was the fourth.

Mr. Edward Everett received his early education at the town schools of Dorchester and Boston, with the exception of a few months at Exeter Academy, and at a private school under the charge of the late Ezekiel Webster, of New Hampshire. At thirteen years old Mr. Everett entered the University. He was the youngest member of his class. He graduated in 1811,

having sustained, through his collegiate course, the highest reputation as a scholar.

It appears that the taste of the young scholar led him, in the first instance, to choose the profession of the Law. In this profession there can be little doubt that he would have attained to great eminence. His studious habits—his great industry—his clear views of almost every subject he touches, and, above all, his eloquence, chaining the attention, and carrying the judgment of his auditors irresistibly along with it, must have placed him in the most distinguished rank of legal pleaders. On this point, however, he yielded his own inclination to the views and wishes of others. His friend and pastor, the late Rev. J. S. Buckminster, appears to have been actively instrumental in leading his views to the ministry; and accordingly he spent the period of two years in the divinity school at Cambridge, during one of which he filled the office of Latin tutor. In 1813, being then only nineteen, he succeeded his friend Buckminster as pastor of the Church in Brattle Street, Boston. It is not a little singular that two men of such talents and eloquence should have been successively called

to occupy the same pulpit, at an age when the judgment, in most instances, is scarcely matured, or the education completed. Mr. Everett entered upon his labors with great earnestness and diligence. During the first eight months of his ministry, in addition to his pulpit and pastoral duties, he wrote a defence of Christianity, in reply to the work of Mr. English. As a specimen of controversial divinity, his book exhibits great talent; but controversies, however ably conducted, lose their interest with the circumstances which called them forth, and consequently Mr. Everett's defence is now seldom read. His health soon began to sink beneath his active duties, and, a professorship of Greek Literature having been founded in 1815 by Mr. Elliot, Mr. Everett was invited to accept the office, receiving at the same time permission to visit Europe, to recruit his health. Accordingly, he asked and received a dismission from his Church, and was inducted into the professorship before he was 21 years old.

In the spring of 1815, Mr. Everett embarked at Boston for Liverpool, in one of the first ships that sailed after the peace. The following beautiful poem, at once breathing the very

spirit of poetry and of affection, was addressed to a sister, previous to his departure.

REMEMBER ME.

Yes, dear one, to the envied train
Of those around, thy moments pay ;
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that 's far away ?
Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
For weary years I may not see,
But wilt thou not, sometimes the while,
My sister dear, remember me ?—

But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all,
Oh ! think not—think not of me there ;—
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
And all is silent, still and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me !

Remember me,—but, loveliest, ne'er
When in his orbit fair and high,
The morning's blushing charioteer
Rides proudly up the glowing sky ;—
But when the waning moonbeam sleeps
At midnight o'er the lonely lea,
And Nature's pensive Spirit weeps
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray ;—but not

In Flora's gay and blooming hour,
When every brake hath found its note,
And sunshine smiles in every flower ;
But when the falling leaf is sere,
And withers sadly from the tree,
And o'er the ruins of the year
Cold Autumn sighs, remember me.

Remember me,—but choose not, dear,
The hour when on the gentle lake
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling to the margin, break ;
But when the deafening billows foam
In madness o'er the pathless sea,
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam
Across them, and remember me.

Remember me, but not to join,
If haply some thy friend should praise,
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,
To echo what the stranger says ;
They know us not :—but shouldst thou meet
Some faithful friend of me and thee,
Softly sometimes to him repeat
My name, and then remember me.

Remember me, not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy ;
For then it were not kind nor meet
My thoughts thy pleasure should alloy ;

But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

Remember me, but not as I
On thee for ever, ever dwell
With anxious heart, and drooping eye,
And doubts 't would grieve thee should I tell ;
But in thy calm, unclouded heart,
Whence dark and gloomy visions flee,
Oh there, my sister, be my part,
And kindly there remember me !

It was Mr. Everett's intention, on his arrival in England, to visit the Continent immediately, but learning the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and the consequent renewal of hostilities between France and the Allied Powers, he remained in London until after the battle of Waterloo. He then proceeded, by way of Holland, to Gottingen, at that time the seat of the most famous German University. There he remained more than two years, principally occupied in the study of the German language—in ascertaining the state of learning and the mode of instruction in the German Universities,—and in studying those branches

of ancient literature, appropriate to his professorship. He did not follow these pursuits, however, so closely and exclusively but that he found time to visit many of the German and Prussian cities, and, as might naturally be expected, to form an acquaintance with a large portion of the most eminent literary men in Europe.

From Germany he passed into France, and spent the winter of 1817-18 in Paris, devoted chiefly to studies subsidiary to his professorship, though at the same time enriching his mind with that species of knowledge which can never be fully learned from books, and of which travel is supposed to be the best teacher—the knowledge of mankind, and the science which investigates the principles of government and of political institutions. In this study the eye and the ear are doubtless our best instructors.

From Paris he returned to England, and spent several weeks of the spring of 1818 in London, during the session of Parliament; and if we may augur any thing from his almost daily attendance on its debates, it may be

judged that he even then entertained, though perhaps he was scarcely conscious of it himself, that inclination for political life to which his subsequent history proves him to have been so happily adapted by Nature. In fact his early predilection for the study of the Law seems to have been the result of a secret whispering of Nature, pointing out to him the road to success; and we may draw from this fact an instructive lesson on the injudiciousness of urging youth to enter upon a course of life to which their inclination is opposed.

“Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.”

During his visit to England, he spent a few weeks at Oxford and Cambridge, those venerable and celebrated seats of learning, and passed through part of Wales and Scotland. In the autumn of that year he visited the most interesting parts of France, Switzerland and Italy, and passed the winter in Rome, occupied in the study of ancient literature and antiquities, enjoying constant access to the noble library of the Vatican. At this period he made the acquaintance of Canova, then employed on the statue of Washington.

His fellow traveller during most of the tour after leaving Germany was General Lyman, and in company with him Mr. Everett visited the Ionian Islands, and Greece. The two travellers, at Yanina, were treated with great kindness by Ali Pacha, to whom they carried letters of introduction from Lord Byron. After visiting all that was interesting in Greece, and passing over the supposed site of ancient Troy, they passed through Constantinople and Adrianople, and crossed the Balkan, near the road taken by the Russian army. They then proceeded through Vienna to Paris and London, and returned home to the United States in 1819, Mr. Everett having been absent somewhat more than four years and a half.

We can fancy, both from the character of the man, and from the frequent allusions which he makes to the subject in his writings, with what emotions Mr. Everett must have trod those scenes, sacred to literature and to liberty. A mind such as his, deeply imbued with Greek and Roman lore, and glowing with admiration of the poets and sages of antiquity, and of the heroes who battled for Freedom in the early days, when Freedom was almost an undefined

word, must have glowed and burned with high and brilliant thought, on the plains of Marathon and in the pass of Thermopylæ, on the Acropolis of Athens and by the broad Hellespont; by the silver Cephissus and by the yellow Tyber; in the scenes celebrated by Homer and Pindar and Sophocles, and beside the tomb of Virgil. Mr. Everett's own words will best express his feelings. "There is an original element in our natures—a connexion between the senses, the mind and the heart—implanted by the Creator for pure and noble purposes, which cannot be reasoned away. You cannot argue men out of their senses and feelings; and after you have wearied yourselves and others, by talking about books and history, you cannot set your foot upon the spot where some great and memorable exploit was achieved, but your heart swells within you. You do not now reason; you feel the inspiration of the place. Your cold philosophy vanishes; and you are ready to put off the shoes from off your feet, for the place whereon you stand is holy ground."

Soon after his return from Europe, Mr. Everett was invited by the proprietors of the

North American Review to join them, and to assume the editorship of that journal. The Review at that time was published once in two months, and the subscription did not exceed six hundred. When Mr. Everett became the editor it was changed into a quarterly publication; a new series was commenced, and the circulation increased with astonishing rapidity. In some cases it became necessary to republish a second, and even a third edition of some of the numbers, to meet the public demand.

Having fixed his residence at Cambridge, he entered actively upon the duties of his professorship, for the discharge of which his previous scholarship and subsequent travel rendered him admirably calculated. He prepared and delivered a complete course of lectures on the history of Greek literature, containing an account of the lives and works of every Greek classic author, besides several shorter courses, amongst them one on Antiquities, and another on Ancient Art. He also prepared a translation of Buttman's German Greek Grammar, and also a class-book on the basis of Jacob's Greek Reader.

The situation of Greece had ever excited the

deepest sympathies of Mr. Everett; and the "Restoration of Greece" had formed the subject of his Oration so early as 1814, when he took his second degree at the University. This interest had been greatly increased by his personal intercourse with Greeks, his personal observation of their capacity for improvement, and their oppressions. In 1822, he received from Koray whose acquaintance he had formed at Paris, during the winter spent there, the address of the first revolutionary body assembled in Greece, to the people of the United States, with a request to translate and publish it. This failed, however, to attract much notice. But in 1823, in the *North American Review* for October, Mr. Everett published a most animated appeal to the people of America, containing an entire translation of the Constitution of Epidaurus. A great interest in behalf of Greece soon manifested itself in various parts of the Union, and liberal subscriptions were made in aid of the cause; and, at the next session of Congress, Mr. Webster took up the subject, and urged it upon the American people.

In 1824, when Lafayette visited Cambridge,

Mr. Everett, who had formed his acquaintance at Paris, was selected as the Orator of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. The subject of his Oration, was *the peculiar motives to intellectual exertion in America*. In discussing the various topics thus presented, Mr. Everett dwelt largely on the new form of civil society, which has been here devised and established—the extension of one language, government, and character, over so vast a space as the United States of America—and the growth of the country, with a rapidity entirely without example in the world.

Up to this period, Mr. Everett had taken no leading part in politics, and he seems at last to have been driven, by a combination of unforeseen circumstances, into that arena in which his genius was best fitted to contend successfully. The representative of the Middlesex District to Congress had declined a re-election, and another candidate had been regularly nominated. A volunteer convention assembled, and without any consultation or communication with Mr. Everett, nominated him as candidate for the vacant seat. Having no desire or intention to relinquish his professor-

ship, he consulted his friends, and some of the officers of the University, and was led by their opinion to believe that he could accept the nomination, and yet retain his academical office. The case of Mr. Adams, nearly parallel, was cited as a precedent. Mr. Everett accordingly signified his acceptance of the nomination, and was elected by a large majority. To his great surprise the corporation of the University, notwithstanding the opinion which had been given upon the subject, decided that by accepting a seat in Congress he had vacated his professorship. Thus, without the slightest idea of retiring from academic life, he was in a manner compelled to enter a new field of labor, in reality, perhaps, more congenial to his taste and feelings, but certainly unsought and unexpected on his part. His final separation, however, from the University was amicable, and he was soon after elected a permanent member of the corporation.

In December 1825, he took his seat in Congress, and it is a sufficient and gratifying proof of the estimation in which his talents and his knowledge of the foreign relations of the country were held, that he was immediately

placed on the Committee of Foreign Affairs. The Chairman of that Committee being in a minority on the subject of the Mission to Panama, the duty of drawing up the report devolved on Mr. Everett. He also made the report from the same Committee on the spoliation on American Commerce by Foreign Powers. The able papers from his pen on this subject which had previously appeared in the North American Review, show that he had thoroughly investigated these topics, in all their bearings, and he was therefore peculiarly fitted for the task which he was now called upon to perform. These papers, we believe, have since been collected into a volume.

On the fourth of July, 1826, a day signalized by the simultaneous deaths of Adams and Jefferson, he delivered a most popular oration before the citizens of Cambridge, and, on the first day of August subsequent, a eulogy on the characters of those deceased patriots.

In the autumn of that year, Mr. Everett was re-elected to Congress by an almost unanimous vote. At the second session of that, the nineteenth Congress, he was chairman of the

Committee to whom was referred the controversy between Georgia and the General Government, in relation to the Creek Indians, and from the immense mass of documents submitted to this Committee, he made an elaborate report on the principles which had regulated our relations with the Indian tribes, and the history of the troubles in Georgia.

In the recess between the sessions of Congress, he wrote a series of letters addressed to Mr. Canning, to disabuse the public mind in Europe and America, in relation to the misrepresentations, by Mr. Canning, of the course pursued by our government in this controversy. He also delivered the introductory lecture before the Mechanic Institute, then just formed in Boston, with Dr. Bowditch as President.

At the first session of the twentieth Congress, he was in the minority. He was, however, notwithstanding, placed by Mr. Speaker Stevenson, at the head of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and drew all their reports at that session, some of which were of great labor and detail. At this session, the prepos-

terous clamor about retrenchment was got up, and Mr. Everett defended the President, Mr. Adams, in the most able manner, against the unjust imputations that were cast on him during this electioneering movement. Mr. Sergeant and Mr. Everett formed the minority of the Retrenchment Committee, and the masterly report from that minority was the joint production of these gentlemen.

During the recess of Congress, Mr. Everett devoted three months to visit the Western States, and proceeded as far south as New-Orleans. Public dinners were given to him at Nashville, Tenn.: at Lexington, Ky.: and at Yellow-Springs, Ohio; and in other places he was invited to public entertainments, which his engagements compelled him to decline. He received everywhere the utmost attention, and has uniformly expressed the highest sense of the kindness and hospitality of the people of that section, where his political opponents vied with his friends in their attentions to him.

At the ensuing session of Congress, he again served on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, but not as Chairman. He closed the debate on the part of the opponents of the

Indian Bill, which passed at this session, and also took an active part in the debate on the bill in relation to the frauds in the Custom-House. In the course of this winter, he delivered the annual address before the Columbian Institute in the House of Representatives.

In the recess of Congress, he delivered, in Charlestown, an address on the completion of the second century from the arrival of Governor Winthrop at that place, and the foundation of the colony of Massachusetts proper. He also delivered the Fourth of July Oration at Lowell. In the October number of the *North American Review*, he wrote an elaborate article on the public land system of the United States and nullification; and, in this article, introduced a letter he had received on that subject, from the venerable Madison. He also delivered an admirable address upon the Workingmen's party,—and the introductory Franklin Lecture at Boston.

At the next session of Congress, on presenting some petitions, he gave a complete review of the points in which the rights of the Indians had been invaded by Georgia.

In the spring of 1831, he delivered a lecture

before the Salem Lyceum on the subject of Reform, then agitated in England. This was afterwards enlarged, and published, in the form of a review, in the North American Review. It attracted great attention here, and passed rapidly through three editions in London; it was cited (as a text) by both parties in Parliament; and few, if any, articles from a foreign source, have ever attracted so much attention. The next year, he further treated on this subject in the same Review. The past and passing events in England have stamped his views on this subject as prophetic, sound in principle, and profoundly imbued with a knowledge of the subject.

In October 1831, he delivered the annual address before the American Institute of New York; a production evincing a deep and thorough acquaintance with the constitution of the country, and with the abstruse and intricate science of Political Economy. For this excellent and finished performance he received the gold medal of the Institute.

At the first session of the twenty-first Congress, he prepared the minority report on the apportionment bill, in which he sustained Mr.

Webster's amendment. This he also advocated in a speech delivered on the passage of that bill. At the same session, he made a most elaborate speech on the tariff, in which he demonstrated, from a laborious examination of the results of the census, that the southern states were not injured by the tariff, and in which he showed the absurdity of the doctrine that the producer, and not the consumer, pays the duty.

He also prepared the address of the National Republican Convention, which met at Worcester in October 1832. And in his speech before his townsmen in Charlestown, at the subsequent election in November, he stated, that, if, in the impending crisis of the country, General Jackson should plant himself on the bulwarks of the Constitution, he would receive a warmer support from his opponents, than from a large class of his friends. This prediction, which has been so signally verified, was expressed by him in still stronger terms, many months previous, in his letters to his friends.

Mr. Everett continued to be elected with but slight opposition for the Middlesex District, and discharged his duties in Congress, with

great honor to himself and advantage to his constituents until the spring of 1835; and it is but bare justice to him to state, that during the many years in which he has been a member of the National Congress, he has given abundant proof that he possesses all the qualifications requisite in a statesman and a politician. "He has applied to the consideration of every subject a sound judgment, unwarped by prejudice, and an elevated tone of feeling untainted by narrow interests and petty prepossessions. Remarkable as he is for brilliant endowments of mind, he is not less so for substantial and practical ones. In political knowledge and in a complete understanding of all prominent questions of the day, he is allowed to have no superior, and few equals."

In 1835, Mr. Everett was elected, by a considerable majority, Governor of the State of Massachusetts, and entered upon the duties of that office at the commencement of the following year. He has been re-elected every year since, and there is every reason to believe that he will for many years continue to be so. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find a man better qualified in every respect to fill

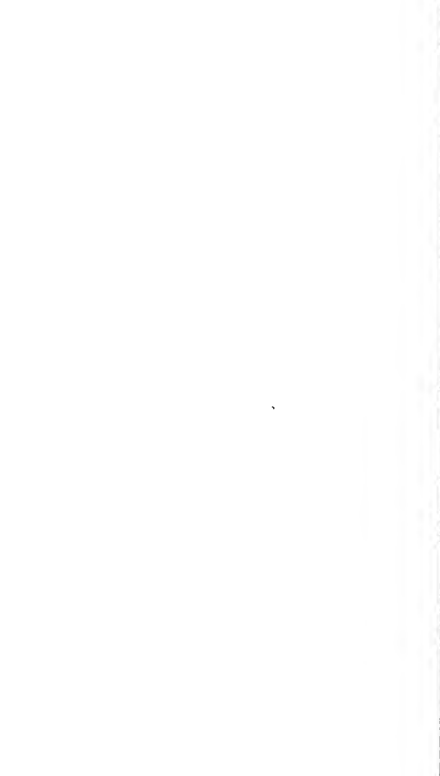
that office. Although elected by a party, he is not the Governor of a party but of the whole State. The moderation of his character and the coolness of his temperament, have saved him from political intolerance and the rancor of party-spirit. He is not exclusive or proscriptive in his views; nor is he a man to irritate, wantonly and needlessly, an honest political opponent. His dignified deportment, both in public and private, and his amiable character, also, cannot but insure him the respect of men of all parties, who have not yet abandoned decency in the discussion of everything that relates to politics.

A writer in the XLVI No. of the New England Magazine, speaking on this subject, says: 'The office of Governor of Massachusetts requires peculiar rather than great powers. It does not task severely the creative faculties, nor call for the depth and strength of reasoning or splendor of eloquence, but requires qualities of mind and character as rare, perhaps, as these. It demands strong good sense and the power of seeing things precisely as they are—a proper share of political experience as well as of general knowledge—a mind free from the madness

of party spirit—coolness and deliberation in forming opinions, and promptness in acting upon them, and decision of character and independence of mind, combined with a readiness to take advice from competent sources, and free from the taint of self-willed obstinacy. In his private as well as official conduct, it is important that there should be a consistency and propriety—a freedom from extravagance and eccentricity, and an unostentatious simplicity and dignity, in order to ensure the respect of the public.” Every one who knows Governor Everett will admit, that of the qualifications here enumerated, though not of these only, he has amply proved himself the possessor. His undiminished popularity after so long a continuance in an office, requiring in an eminent degree the exercise of decision, discretion, moderation and experience, is the best evidence of his fitness to fill the Gubernatorial Chair; though we believe that there is no office in the gift of the People which Governor Everett would not fill with credit and honor;—no office to which he may not aspire without arrogance, nor a station in the Government

which he might not fill without hazarding the loss of personal honor or public respect.

Such is a brief, though, it is to be feared, a very imperfect outline, of the public life of Governor Everett. He is still in the prime of life, and in the maturity of his powers both of mind and body. Future biographers will necessarily have more incidents to record, but if we may judge that what has been, will be any guide to enable us to conclude what is to be, no one will ever have it in his power to say that Massachusetts has found cause to withdraw her pride or her confidence from the man on whom she has heretofore reposed the highest trust which, as an individual State, she had power to bestow.



BEAUTIES OF EVERETT.



INFLUENCE OF FREE INSTITUTIONS.

OUR popular institutions are therefore favorable to intellectual improvement, because their foundation is in dear nature. They do not consign the greater part of the social frame to torpidity and mortification. They send out a vital nerve to every member of the community, by which its talent and power, great or small, are brought into living conjunction and strong sympathy with the kindred intellect of the nation; and every impression on every part vibrates with electric rapidity through the whole. They encourage nature to perfect her work; they make education, the soul's nutriment, cheap; they bring up remote and shrinking talent into the cheerful field of competition; in a thousand ways they provide an audience for lips, which nature has touched with persuasion; they put a lyre into the hands of genius; they bestow on all who deserve it

or seek it, the only patronage worth having the only patronage that ever struck out a spark of "celestial fire,"—the patronage of fair opportunity.

NEW ENGLAND.

We have had abundant reason to be contented with this austere sky, this hard, unyielding soil. Poor as it is, it has left us no cause to sigh for the luxuries of the tropics, nor to covet the mines of the southern regions of our hemisphere. Our rough and hardly subdued hill-sides and barren plains have produced us that, which neither ores, nor spices, nor sweets could purchase,—which would not spring in the richest gardens of the despotic East. The compact numbers and the strength, the general intelligence and the civilization, which, since the world began, were never exhibited beneath the sultry line, have been the precious produce of this iron bound coast. The rocks and the sands, which would yield us neither the cane nor the coffee tree, have yielded us, not only an abundance and a growth in resources, rarely consistent with the treacherous profusion of tropical colonies, but the habits, the manners, the institutions, the industrious population, the schools and the churches, beyond all the wealth of all the Indies.

"Man is the nobler growth our soil supplies,
And souls are ripened in our northern skies."

THE PILGRIMS.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route,—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base;—the dismal sound of the pump is heard;—the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow;—the ocean breaks, and settles with engulphing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage,—poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draft of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hos-

tile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals;—was it disease,—was it the tomahawk,—was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea; was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?—And is it possible, that neither of these causes that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

EXTENSION OF THE REPUBLIC.

Within the past year the sovereign hand of this great confederacy of States has been extended for the restoration and security of the harbor, where, on the day we celebrate, the germ of the future growth of America was comprehended within one weather-beaten vessel, tossing upon the tide, on board of which, in the words of Hutchinson, the fathers of New England by a solemn instrument, "formed themselves into a proper democracy." Two centuries only have elapsed, and we behold a great American representation convened, from twenty-four independent and flourishing republics, taking under their patronage the local interests of the spot where our fathers landed, and providing in the same act of appropriation, for the removal of obstacles in the Mississippi and the repair of Plymouth beach. I know not in what words a more beautiful commentary could be written, on our early infancy or our happy growth. There were members of the national Congress which made that appropriation, I will not say from distant states, but from different climates; from regions which the sun in the heavens does not reach in the same hour that he rises on us. Happy community of protection! Glorious brotherhood! Blessed fulfilment of that first timorous hope, that warmed the bosoms of our fathers!

DEATH OF ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

Happiest at the last, they were permitted almost to choose the hour of their departure ; to die on that day, on which those who loved them best could have wished they might die. It is related as a singular felicity of the great philosopher Plato, that he died, at a good old age, at a banquet, surrounded with flowers and perfumes, amidst festal songs, on his birth-day. Our Adams and Jefferson died on the birth-day of the nation ; the day which their own deed had immortalized, which their own prophetic spirit had marked out, as the great festival of the nation ; not amidst the festal songs of the banquet, but amidst the triumphal anthems of a whole grateful people. At the moment that Jefferson expired, his character was the theme of eulogy, in every city and almost every village of the land ; and the lingering spirit of his great co-patriot fled, while his name was pronounced with grateful recollection, at the board of patriotic festivity, throughout a country, that hailed him as among the first and boldest of her champions, even in the days when friends were few and hearts were faint.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

They left all for their country's sake. Who does not see that Adams and Jefferson might have risen to any station in the British empire ?

They might have revelled in the royal bounty ; they might have stood within the shadow of the throne which they shook to its base. It was in the full understanding of their all but desperate choice, that they chose for their country. Many were the inducements which called them to another choice. The dread voice of authority ; the array of an empire's power ; the pleadings of friendship ; the yearning of their hearts towards the land of their fathers' sepulchres ; the land which the great champions of constitutional liberty still made venerable ; the ghastly vision of the gibbet, if they failed ; all the feelings which grew from these sources were to be stifled and kept down, for a dearer treasure was at stake. They were any thing but adventurers, any thing but malecontents. They loved peace, they loved order, they loved law, they loved a manly obedience to constitutional authority ; but they chiefly loved freedom and their country ; and they took up the ark of her liberties with pure hands, and bore it through in triumph, for their strength was in Heaven.

MEMORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD.

The faithful marble may preserve their image ; the engraven brass may proclaim their worth ; but the humblest sod of Independent America, with nothing but the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum

than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph. But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men. Wherever an agonizing people shall perish, in a generous convulsion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, Oh ! for a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson. Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our venerated Fathers shall be the prelude of their triumphal song !

THE GRAVES OF THE GOOD AND GREAT.

Here, beneath our feet, unconscious that we commemorate their worth, repose the meek and sainted martyrs, whose flesh sunk beneath the lofty temper of their noble spirits ; and there, rest the heroes, who presented their dauntless foreheads to the God of battles, when he came to his awful baptism of blood and of fire.

Happy the fate, which has laid them so near to each other, the early and the latter champions of the one great cause ! And happy we, who are permitted to reap in peace the fruit of their costly sacrifice ! Happy, that we can make our pious pilgrimage to the smooth turf of that venerable summit, once ploughed with

the wheels of maddening artillery, ringing with all the dreadful voices of war, wrapped in smoke, and streaming with blood ! Happy, that here, where our fathers sank, beneath the burning sun, into the parched clay, we live, and assemble, and mingle sweet counsel, and grateful thoughts of them, in comfort and peace !

LUTHER.

He awoke all Germany and half Europe from the scholastic sleep of an ignorance worse than death. He took into his hands not the oaten pipe of the classic muse ; he moved to his great work, not

————— to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders ;—

He grasped the iron trumpet of his mother tongue,—the good old Saxon from which our own is descended, the language of noble thought and high resolve,—and blew a blast that shook the nations from Rome to the Orkneys. Sovereign, citizen, and peasant, started at the sound ; and, in a few short years, the poor monk, who had begged his bread for a pious canticle, in the streets of Eisenach,—no longer friendless,—no longer solitary,—was sustained by victorious armies, countenanced by princes, and, what is a thousand times more precious than the brightest crown in Christen-

dom, revered as a sage, a benefactor, and a spiritual parent, at the firesides of millions of his humble and grateful countrymen.

SAMUEL ADAMS.

In some branches of knowledge he was excelled by other men; but one thing he knew thoroughly, and that was liberty. He began with it early, studied it long, and possessed the whole science of it. He knew it, class and order,—genus and species,—root and branch. With him it was no matter of frothy sentiment. He knew it was no gaudy May-day flower, peeping through the soft verdant sods of spring, and opening its painted petals as a dew cup for midnight fairies to sip at. He knew it was an austere and tardy growth,—the food of men, long hungering for their inalienable rights,—a seed scattered broad cast on a rough, though genial soil,—ripening beneath lowering skies and autumnal frosts,—to be reaped with a bloody sickle. Instead of quailing, his spirit mounted and mantled with the approach of the crisis. Chafed and fretted with the minor irritations of the early stages of the contest, he rose to a religious tranquillity, as the decisive hour drew nigh. In all the excitement and turmoil of the anxious days that preceded the explosion, he was of the few, who never lost their balance. He was thoughtful,—serious almost to the point of sternness,—resolute

his fate ; but cheerful himself, and a living spring of animation to others. He stood among the people a pillar of safety and strength :—

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

And so he looked forward to the impending struggle, as the consummation of a great design, of which not man but God had laid the foundation stone on the rock of Plymouth ; and when on the morning of the day you now commemorate, the volleys of fire-arms from this spot, announced to him and his companion, in the neighboring field, that the great battle of liberty had begun, he threw up his arms, and exclaimed, in a burst of patriotic rapture, “ O, what a glorious morning is this ! ”

THE VICTORIES OF THE MIND.

For the peaceful victories of the mind, that unknown and unconquered world, for which Alexander wept, is for ever near at hand ; hidden, indeed, as yet, behind the veil with which nature shrouds her undiscovered mysteries, but stretching all along the confines of the domain of knowledge, sometimes nearest when least suspected. The foot has not yet pressed, nor the eye beheld it ; but the mind, in its deepest musings, in its widest excursions, will some-

times catch a glimpse of the hidden realm,—a gleam of light from the Hesperian island, a fresh and fragrant breeze from off the undiscovered land,

Sabæan odors from the spicy shore,

which happier voyagers in aftertimes shall approach, explore, and inhabit. Who has not felt, when, with his very soul concentrated in his eyes, while the world around him is wrapped in sleep, he gazes into the holy depths of the midnight heavens, or wanders in contemplation among the worlds and systems that sweep through the immensity of space,—who has not felt as if their mystery must yet more fully yield to the ardent, unwearied, imploring research of patient science? Who does not, in those choice and blessed moments, in which the world and its interests are forgotten, and the spirit retires into the inmost sanctuary of its own meditations, and there, unconscious of every thing but itself and the infinite Perfection, of which it is the earthly type, and kindling the flame of thought on the altar of prayer,—who does not feel, in moments like these, as if it must at last be given to man, to fathom the great secret of his own being; to solve the mighty problem

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate !

LAFAYETTE.

And what was it, fellow citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness;—to the sanctity of plighted faith;—to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life: *The love of liberty protected by law.*

You have now assembled within these celebrated walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birth day of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master voices of American renown. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place;—the temple worthy of the new name which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites! Ye winds, that wafted the Pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom;—Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground;—Echoing arches of this renowned

hall, whisper back the voices of other days;—Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvass;—Speak, speak, marble lips, teach us THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!

DIFFICULTY OF ESTIMATING GREAT CHARACTERS.

The planets, as we behold them, are sometimes stationary, and sometimes seem to retrograde. But it is only to the imperfect sense of man, that they stand still, and move backward; while, in reality, they are ever rolling in majesty along their orbits, and will be found, at the appointed season, to have compassed the heavens. Instead of expecting at once to sound the depths of a character like Washington's, it requires all our study and all our vigilance, not to measure such a character on the scale of our own littleness; not to estimate it from a partial development of its influence. A great character, founded on the living rock of principle, is, in fact, not a solitary phenomenon, to be at once perceived, limited, and described. It is a dispensation of Providence, designed to have not merely an immediate, but a continuous, progressive, and never-ending agency. It survives the man who possessed it; survives his age,—perhaps his country,—his language. These, in the lapse of time, may disappear, and be forgotten. Governments,

tribes of men, chase each other, like the shadows of summer clouds, on a plain. But an earthly immortality belongs to a great and good character. History embalms it; it lives in its moral influence; in its authority; in its example; in the memory of the words and deeds in which it was manifested; and as every age adds to the illustrations of its efficacy, it may chance to be the best understood by a remote posterity.

BUNKER HILL AND FANEUIL HALL.

I rejoice, above all, in this day's meeting; and that the doors of Faneuil Hall have been thrown open to this great and patriotic assemblage; a temple worthy the offering. The spirit of the Revolution is enshrined within its columns; and old Faneuil Hall seems to respond to old Bunker Hill;—this with the ancient thunders of its eloquence, and that with the thunders of the battle;—as deep calleth unto deep, with the noise of its water-spouts. It was beneath this roof that the spirits of our fathers were roused to that lofty enthusiasm, which led them up, calm and unresisting, to the flaming terrors of the mount of sacrifice;—and well does it become us, their children, to gather beneath the venerable arches, and resolve to discharge the debt of gratitude and duty to their memory!

DURABLE MONUMENTS NECESSARY TO PERPETU-
ATE THE IDENTITY OF CELEBRATED PLACES.

That history will preserve the memory of the battle of Bunker Hill, I certainly do not doubt ; but that history alone, without sensible monuments, would preserve the knowledge of the identity of the spot is not so certain. The fame of the immortal plain of Troy, commemorated by the first of bards in time and renown, is coeval with history, and embalmed in its earliest pages. But where the site of Troy is, I have the best reason to know is very doubtful. Books have surely done here, as much as they can ever do. A man may seek it with Strabo in his head and Homer in his heart, and he shall not find it. Even the still existing natural features of the scene are not sufficient to identify it. The "broad Hellespont" still rolls into the *Ægean*. Tenedos, that rich and most famous island city,—which, when *Æneas* told his tale to Dido, had sunk into a treacherous port,—still keeps its station in front of the Troad ; but if the spot where Troy stood can be settled at all, it is principally by the simple mound, still standing, and, as is supposed, erected to Achilles. History tells us of the memorable pass of Thermopylæ, where Leonidas and his brave associates encountered the barbarous invader. I have searched in vain for the narrow pass between the foot of the mountain and the sea. It is gone. Time, which changes all things, has changed the

great natural features of the spot,—in which not merely its geographical, but, if I may say so, its moral identity resided,—and has stretched out a broad plain in its place; but a rude monumental pile still remains to designate the spot where the Spartan hero fell. History tells us of the field of Cannæ, where Hannibal overthrew the Roman consuls, and slaughtered forty thousand of their troops, till the Aufidus ran blood. Why, sir, you cannot, with your Livy in your hand, retrace the locality. History has preserved us the story of the battle of Pharsalia, where the star of Cæsar prevailed over the star of Pompey; a battle which fixed the fortunes of the world for fifteen centuries. It is impossible, even with the Commentaries of Cæsar for your guide, precisely to fix the spot where it was fought. History tells us of the battle of Philippi, where Brutus and Cassius, and with them the last hopes of Roman liberty were cloven down; but historians do not all agree, within two or three hundred miles, as to the precise scene of the action. Now, sir, I trust that the memory of Bunker Hill will be preserved in history as long as that of Troy, of Thermopylæ, of Cannæ, of Pharsalia, or of Philippi; but who is there, that would not wish that the identity of this precious spot should be transmitted with its name to posterity; so that when our children, in after times, shall visit these hallowed precincts, they may know and be assured, that they stand upon the very sod, that was moist-

ened by the life-blood of the martyrs of that eventful day?

But I know and admit, that history will perform her duty to those who fought and fell at Bunker Hill. Her duty, did I say? It will be her most glorious prerogative to record their deeds, in letters of light, on one of the brightest pages in the annals of freedom. There, when the tongues we now speak are forgotten, they will be read, as long and as widely, as though we

“ Could write their names on every star that shines ;
Engrave their story on the living sky,
To be for ever read by every eye.”

But history would do this, though Bunker Hill were surrendered to-morrow to the pickaxe and the spade ;—though it were levelled to its base ;—though it were torn from its roots, and cast into the sea. But, sir, though books will do what they can, they cannot do all things. There are some things which they cannot do ; no, not if the muse of history herself, in bodily presentment, should take her stand on Bunker Hill, to describe the scene. There are things not in the physical competence of books to effect. Can the dead letter of history present you the glowing lineaments of your Washington, as he looks down upon you from that wall? or reproduce to you his majestic form in the chiselled marble? Who does not gaze with delight on the portrait or the statue of the Father of his Country, where Stuart, and Chantrey, and Canova have

wrought up the silent canvass and the cold marble into life and beauty? History would transmit the record of what he was and what he did, though with sacrilegious hands, we should tear his image from these walls, or grind his statue to powder. But shall we, for this reason, even while we stand within the light of his benignant countenance, find the heart to ask, what good does it do?

BLESSINGS PURCHASED BY THE REVOLUTION.

Do you wish to learn how much you are indebted to those who laid the foundation of these your social blessings,—do not listen to me, but look around you; survey the face of the country,—of the immediate neighborhood in which you live. Go up to the rising grounds that overlook this most beautiful village; contemplate the scene of activity, prosperity, and thrift spread out before you. Pause on the feelings of satisfaction with which you dismiss your children in the morning to school, or receive them home at evening; the assured tranquillity with which you lie down to repose at night, half of you, I doubt not, with unbolted doors, beneath the overshadowing pinions of the public peace. Dwell upon the sacred calm of the Sabbath morn, when the repose of man and of nature is awakened by no sound but that of the village bell, calling you to go up and worship God, according to the dictates of

your conscience ; and reflect that all these blessings were purchased for you by your high-souled fathers, at the cost of years of labor, trial, and hardship ; of banishment from their native land, of persecution and bloodshed, of tyranny and war. Think, then, of Greece, and of Poland ; of Italy, and Spain ; aye, of France, and of England ; of any, and of every country, but your own ; and you will know the weight of obligation you owe your fathers ; and the reasons of gratitude, which should prompt you to celebrate the Fourth of July.

UNION.

Our union is our strength, and our weakness too : Our strength, so long as it exists unimpaired and cherished ; our weakness, whenever discord shall expose a vulnerable point to hostile art or power. Even the *separate* prosperity of the States, supposing they could prosper separately, which they cannot, is not enough : I had almost said, is to be deprecated. They ought, for their perfect safety, to owe their prosperity, in some degree, to each other ; to mutual dependence ; to common interest, and the common feeling derived from it, or strengthened by it.

PROGRESS OF THE WEST.

We learn that the growth of your western country is not merely the progress of its citi-

zens in numerical multiplication. It is civilization personified and embodied, going forth to take possession of the land. It is the *principle* of our institutions, advancing not so much with the toilsome movement of human agency, but rather like the grand operations of sovereign Providence. It seems urged along its stupendous course, as the earth itself is propelled in its orbit, silent and calm, like the moving planet, with a speed we cannot measure; yet not like that, without a monument to mark its way through the vacant regions of space, but scattering hamlets, and villages, and cities on its path,—the abodes of civilized and prosperous millions.

GREATNESS OF LAFAYETTE.

There have been those who have denied to Lafayette the name of *a great man*. What is greatness? Does goodness belong to greatness, and make an essential part of it? If it does, who, I would ask, of all the prominent names in history, has run through such a career, with so little reproach, justly or unjustly, bestowed? Are military courage and conduct the measure of greatness? Lafayette was entrusted by Washington with all kinds of service;—the laborious and complicated, which required skill and patience, the perilous that demanded nerve;—and we see him keeping up a pursuit, effecting a retreat, out-mancœuvring

a wary adversary with a superior force, harmonizing the action of French regular troops and American militia, commanding an assault at the point of the bayonet; and all with entire success and brilliant reputation. Is the readiness to meet vast responsibility a proof of greatness? The memoirs of Mr. Jefferson show us, as we have already seen, that there was a moment in 1789, when Lafayette took upon himself, as the head of the military force, the entire responsibility of laying down the basis of the Revolution. Is the cool and brave administration of gigantic power, a mark of greatness? In all the whirlwind of the Revolution, and when as commander-in-chief of the National Guard, an organized force of three millions of men, who, for any popular purpose, needed but a word, a look, to put them in motion,—and he their idol,—we behold him ever calm, collected, disinterested; as free from affectation as selfishness, clothed not less with humility than with power. Is the fortitude required to resist the multitude pressing onward their leader to glorious crime, a part of greatness? Behold him, the fugitive and the victim, when he might have been the chief of the Revolution. Is the solitary and unaided opposition of a good citizen to the pretensions of an absolute ruler, whose power was as boundless as his ambition, an effort of greatness? Read the letter of Lafayette to Napoleon Bonaparte, refusing to vote for him as consul for life. Is the voluntary return, in

advancing years, to the direction of affairs, at a moment like that, when in 1815, the ponderous machinery of the French empire was flying asunder,—stunning, rending, crushing thousands on every side,—a mark of greatness? Contemplate Lafayette at the tribune, in Paris, when allied Europe was thundering at its gates, and Napoleon yet stood in his desperation and at bay. Are dignity, propriety, cheerfulness, unerring discretion in new and conspicuous stations of extraordinary delicacy, a sign of greatness? Watch his progress in this country, in 1824 and 1825, hear him say the right word at the right time, in a series of interviews, public and private, crowding on each other every day, for a twelvemonth, throughout the Union, with every description of persons, without ever wounding for a moment the self-love of others, or forgetting the dignity of his own position. Lastly, is it any proof of greatness, to be able, at the age of seventy-three, to take the lead in a successful and bloodless revolution;—to change the dynasty,—to organize, exercise, and abdicate a military command of three and a half millions of men;—to take up, to perform, and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous duties, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? Is it great to disregard the bribes of title, office, money;—to live, to labor, and suffer for great public ends alone;—to adhere to principle under all circumstances;—to stand before Europe and America conspicuous,

for sixty years, in the most responsible stations, the acknowledged admiration of all good men?

TIES TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

But it is not the less true, that there are many ties, which ought to bind our feelings to the land of our fathers. It is characteristic of a magnanimous people, to do justice to the merits of every other nation; especially of a nation with whom we have been at variance and are now in amity; and most especially of a nation of common blood. Where are the graves of our fathers? In England. The school of the free principles, in which, as the last great lesson, the doctrine of our independence, was learned,—where did it subsist? In the hereditary love of liberty of the Anglo-Saxon race. The great names which,—before America began to exist for civilization and humanity,—immortalized the language which we speak, and made our mother tongue a heart-stirring dialect, which a man is proud to take on his lips, whithersoever, on the face of the earth, he may wander, are English. If it be, in the language of Cowper,

praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language is his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own,

let it not be beneath the pride nor beyond the gratitude of an American to remember, that Wolfe fell on the soil of this country, with

some of the best and bravest of New England by his side ; and that it was among the last of the thrilling exclamations, with which Chatham shook the House of Lords :—" Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, I never would lay down my arms ; never, never, never ! "

REAL FRAMERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

I am disposed to do all justice to the memory of each succeeding generation. I admire the indomitable perseverance, with which the contest for principle was kept up, under the second charter. I reverence, this side idolatry, the wisdom and fortitude of the revolutionary and constitutional leaders, but I believe we ought to go back beyond them all, for the real framers of the Commonwealth. I believe that its foundation stones, like those of the Capitol of Rome, lie deep and solid, out of sight, at the bottom of the walls,—Cyclopean work,—the work of the Pilgrims,—with nothing below them but the rock of ages. I will not quarrel with their rough corners, or uneven sides ; above all, I will not change them for the wood, hay, and stubble of modern builders.

CIVILIZATION CHECKED BY BARBARIAN IRRUPTION.

The extent of country inhabited or rather infested by barbarous tribes, has generally far

outweighed the civilized portions; and more than once, in the history of the world, refinement, learning, arts, laws, and religion, with the wealth and prosperity they have created, have been utterly swept away, and the hands moved back on the dial plate of time, in consequence of the irruption of savage hordes into civilized regions.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE PEOPLE THE BULWARK OF LIBERTY.

A single bold word, heroic exploit, or generous sacrifice, at the fortunate crisis, kindles the latent faculties of a whole population, turns them from beasts of burden into men; excites to intense action and sympathetic counsel millions of awakened minds, and leads them forth to the contest. When such a development of mental energy has fairly taken place, the battle is fought and won. It may be long and deadly, it may be brief and bloodless. Freedom may come quickly in robes of peace, or after ages of conflict and war; but come it will, and abide it will, so long as the principles by which it was acquired are held sacred.

Nor let us forget, that the dangers to which liberty is exposed are not all on the side of arbitrary power. That popular intelligence, by which the acquisition of rational freedom is to be made, is still more necessary to protect it against anarchy. Here is the great test of a

people, who deserve their freedom. Under a parental despotism, the order of the state is preserved, and life and property are protected, by the strong arm of the government. A measure of liberty,—that is, safety from irregular violence,—is secured by the constant presence of that military power, which is the great engine of subjection. But beneath a free government, there is nothing but the intelligence of the people to keep the people's peace. Order must be preserved, not by a military police or regiments of horse-guards; but by the spontaneous concert of a well-informed population, resolved that the rights, which have been rescued from despotism, shall not be subverted by anarchy. As the disorder of a delicate system and the degeneracy of a noble nature are spectacles more grievous than the corruption of meaner things, so if we permit the principle of our government to be subverted, havoc, terror and destruction, beyond the measure of ordinary political catastrophes will be our lot. This is a subject of intense interest to the people of the United States at the present time. To no people since the world began, was such an amount of blessings and privileges ever given in trust. No people was ever so eminently made the guardians of their own rights; and if this great experiment of rational liberty should here be permitted to fail, I know not where or when among the sons of Adam, it will ever be resumed.

BIRTH AND PROGRESS OF AMERICA.

But, sir, while on this happy occasion we contemplate, with mingled feelings of pride and joy, the lovely and august form of our America, rising as it were, from the waves of the ocean, with the grace of youth in all her steps, and the heaven of liberty in her eye, there is another aspect, under which we are led by natural association to regard her, as we consider the family of republics which have sprung into being beyond the mountains. The graceful and lovely daughter has become the mother of rising States. While our thoughts on this day, are carried back to the tombs of our fathers beyond the sea, there are millions of kindred Americans beyond the rivers and mountains, whose hearts are fixed on the Atlantic coast, as the cradle of their political existence. If the States of the coast were struck from existence, they would already have performed their share of the great duty as it has been called, of social transmission. A mighty wilderness has been colonized, almost within our own day, by the young men of the Atlantic coast; not driven by the arm of persecution from the land of their birth, but parting, with tearful eyes, from their pleasant homes, to follow the guiding hand of Providence to the Western realms of promise.

DESIRE OF POSTHUMOUS FAME.

And well does the example of Harvard teach us, that what is thus given away, is, in reality, the portion best saved and longest kept. In the public trusts to which it is confided, it is safe, as far as any thing human is safe, from the vicissitudes to which all else is subject. Here neither private extravagance can squander, nor personal necessity exhaust it. Here, it will not perish with the poor clay, to whose natural wants it would else have been appropriated. Here, unconsumed itself, it will feed the hunger of mind, the only thing on earth that never dies; and endure, and do good for ages, after the donor himself has ceased to live, in aught but his benefactions.

There is, in the human heart, a natural craving to be remembered by those who succeed us. It is not the first passion which awakens in the soul, but it is the strongest which animates, and the last which leaves it. It is a sort of instinctive philosophy, which tells us, that we who live, and act, and move about the earth, and claim it for our own, are not *the human race*; that we are but a small part of it; that those who are to follow us, when we are gone, and those that here lie slumbering beneath our feet, are with us but one company, of which we are the smallest part. It tells us, that the true glory of man is not that which blazes out for a moment, and dazzles the contemporary spectator; but that

which lives when the natural life is gone; which is acknowledged by a benefitted and grateful posterity, whom it brings back, even as it does at this moment, with thankful offerings at an humble tomb; and gives to an otherwise obscure name a bright place in the long catalogue of ages.

THE YEOMAN.

The man who stands upon his own soil; who feels, that by the laws of the land in which he lives,—by the law of civilized nations,—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels,—other things being equal,—more strongly than another, the character of man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his:—his, from the centre to the sky. It is the space, on which the generations before him moved in its round of duties; and he feels himself connected, by a visible link, with those who preceded him, as he is, also, to those who will follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over

the daily scene of his labors. The roof which shelters him, was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported, in his boyhood, by the side of the brook, which still winds through his meadow. Through that field, lies the path to the village school of his earliest days. He still hears from his window, the voice of the Sabbath bell, which called his fathers and his forefathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where he laid his parents down to rest, and where he trusts, when his hour is come, he shall be dutifully laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; gold cannot buy them;—they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart;—they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy, generous national character.

COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

Sir, when men have a great, benevolent, and holy object in view, of permanent interest, *obstacles are nothing*. If it fails in the hands of one, it will be taken up by another. If it exceeds the powers of an individual, society will unite toward the desired end. If the force of public opinion in one country is insufficient, the kindred spirits of foreign countries will lend their aid. If it remain unachieved by one generation, it goes down, as a heritage

of duty and honor, to the next; and, through the long chain of counsels and efforts, from the first conception of the benevolent mind, that planned the great work, to its final and glorious accomplishment, there is a steady and unseen, but irresistible co-operation of that divine influence, which orders all things for good.

Am I told, that the work we have in hand is too great to be done? Too great, I ask, to be done *when*; too great to be done *by whom*? Too great, I admit, to be done at once; too great to be done by this Society; too great to be done by this generation, perhaps; but not too great to be done. Nothing is too great to be done, which is founded on truth and justice, and which is pursued with the meek and gentle spirit of Christian love. The work is doubtless too great to be entirely effected by this Society, by the most ardent and zealous of its friends, perhaps for the present and the next succeeding generation. But is it too great for the enlightened public opinion of the world? Is it too great for the joint efforts of the United States, of Great Britain, and of France, and the other Christian countries, already pledged to the cause? Is it too great for the transmitted purpose, the perpetuated concert of generations succeeding generations, for centuries to come? Sir, I may ask, without irreverence, in a case like this, though it be too great for man, is it too great for that AUGUST PROVIDENCE whose counsels run along the line of ages, and to whom a thousand years are as one day?

MORAL REVOLUTION.

But this revolution connects itself with the constitution of our nature, and suggests the principles of education as the duty and calling of man, precisely because it is not the work of violent hands, but the law of our being. It is not an outraged populace, rising in their wrath and fury, to throw off the burden of centuries of oppression. Nor is it an inundation of strange barbarians, issuing, nation after nation, from some remote and inexhaustible *officina gentium*, lashed forward to the work of destruction by the chosen scourges of God; although these *are* the means by which, when corruption has attained a height beyond the reach of ordinary influences, a preparation for a great and radical revolution is made. But the revolution of which I speak, and which furnishes the principles of the great duty of education,—all-comprehensive and unsparing as it is,—is to be effected by a gentle race of beings, just stepping over the threshold of childhood, many of them hardly crept into existence. They are to be found within the limits of our own country, of our own community, beneath our own roofs, climbing about our necks. Father, he whom you folded in your arms, and carried in your bosom; whom, with unutterable anxiety, you watched through the perilous years of childhood, whom you have brought down to college, this very commencement, and are dismissing from beneath your paternal guard, with tearful eyes and an

aching heart; it is he, who is destined, (if your ardent prayers are heard), to outthunder you at the forum and in the Senate House! Fond mother, the future rival of your not yet fading charms, the *matre pulcra filia pulcior*, is the rose bud, which is beginning to open and blush by your side! Destined to supersede us in all we hold dear, they are the objects of our tenderest cares. Soon to outnumber us, we spare no pains to protect and rear them; and the strongest instinct of our hearts urges us, by every device and appliance, to bring forward those who are to fill our places, possess our fortunes, wear our honors, snatch the laurel from our heads, the words from our lips, the truncheon of command from our hands, and at last gently crowd us, worn out and useless, from the scene.

EDUCATION.

It is for this state of things, that the present generation is to educate and train its successors; and on the care and skill with which their education is conducted, on the liberality, magnanimity, and single-heartedness with which we go about this great work—each in his proper sphere, and according to his opportunities and vocation,—will, of course, depend the honor and success with which those who come after us will perform their parts on the great stage of life.

The reflection of itself, would produce a

deep impression of the importance of the great work of education to be performed by the present generation of men. But we must farther take into consideration, in order to the perfect understanding of the subject, the quality of that principle which is to receive, and of that which is to impart, the education; that is, of the *mind of this age* acting upon the *mind of the next*; both natures indefinitely expansive, in their capacities of action and apprehension;—natures, whose powers have never been defined; whose depths have never been sounded; whose orbit can be measured alone by that superior intelligence which has assigned its limits, if limits it have. When we consider this, we gain a vastly extended and elevated notion of the duty which is to be performed. It is nothing less than to put in action the entire mental power of the present day, in its utmost stretch, consistent with happiness and virtue, and so as to develope and form the utmost amount of capacity, intelligence, and usefulness, of intellectual and moral power and happiness, in that which is to follow. We are not merely to transmit the world as we receive it; to teach, in a stationary repetition, the arts which we have received; as the dove builds this year just such a nest as was built by the dove that went out from the ark, when the waters had abated; but we are to apply the innumerable discoveries, inventions, and improvements, which have been sucessively made in the

world, and never more than of late years,—and combine, and elaborate them into one grand system of increased instrumentality, condensed energy, invigorated agency, and quickened vitality, in forming and bringing forward our successors.

PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

It is unquestionably one of the happiest laws of intellectual progress, that the judicious labors, the profound reasonings, the sublime discoveries, the generous sentiments of great intellects, rapidly work their way into the common channel of public opinion, find access to the general mind, raise the universal standard of attainment, correct popular errors, promote arts of daily application, and come home at last to the fireside, in the shape of increased intelligence, skill, comfort and virtue; which, in their turn, by an instantaneous reaction, multiply the numbers and facilitate the efforts of those who engage in the farther investigation and discovery of truth. In this way, a constant circulation, like that of the life-blood, takes place in the intellectual world. Truth travels down from the heights of philosophy to the humblest walks of life, and up from the simplest perceptions of an awakened intellect to the discoveries, which almost change the face of the world. At every stage of its progress it is genial, luminous, creative. When first struck out by some distinguished and

fortunate genius, it may address itself only to a few minds of kindred power. It exists then only in the highest forms of science; it corrects former systems, and authorizes new generalizations. Discussions, controversy begins; more truth is elicited, more errors exploded, more doubts cleared up, more phenomena drawn into the circle, unexpected connexions of kindred sciences are traced, and in each step of the progress, the number rapidly grows of those who are prepared to comprehend and carry on some branches of the investigation,—till, in the lapse of time, every order of intellect has been kindled, from that of the sublime discoverer to the practical machinist; and every department of knowledge been enlarged, from the most abstruse and transcendental theory to the daily arts of life.

NECESSITY OF MENTAL CULTURE.

Contemplate, at this season of the year, one of the magnificent trees of the forest, covered with thousands and thousands of acorns. There is not one of those acorns that does not carry within itself the germ of a perfect oak, as lofty and as wide spreading as the parent stock; which does not enfold the rudiments of a tree that would strike its roots in the soil, and lift its branches toward the heavens, and brave the storms of a hundred winters. It needs for this but a handful of soil, to receive the acorn as it falls, a little moisture to nourish

it, and protection from violence till the root is struck. It needs but these; and these it does need, and these it must have; and for want of them, trifling as they seem, there is not one out of a thousand of those innumerable acorns, which is destined to become a tree.

Look abroad through the cities, the towns, the villages of our beloved country, and think of what materials their population, in many parts already dense, and every where rapidly growing, is, for the most part, made up. It is not lifeless enginery, it is not animated machines, it is not brute beasts, trained to subdue the earth: it is rational, intellectual beings. There is not a mind, of the hundreds of thousands in our community, that is not capable of making large progress in useful knowledge; and no one can presume to tell or limit the number of those who are gifted with all the talent required for the noblest discoveries. They have naturally all the senses and all the faculties—I do not say in as high a degree, but who shall say in no degree?—possessed by Newton, or Franklin, or Fulton. It is but a little which is wanted to awaken every one of these minds to the conscious possession and the active exercise of its wonderful powers. But this little, generally speaking, is indispensable. How much more wonderful an instrument is an eye than a telescope! Providence has furnished this eye; but art must contribute the telescope, or the wonders of the heavens remain unnoticed. It

is for want of the little, that human means must add to the wonderful capacity for improvement born in man, that by far the greatest part of the intellect, innate in our race, perishes undeveloped and unknown. When an acorn falls upon an unfavorable spot, and decays there, we know the extent of the loss;—it is that of a tree, like the one from which it fell;—but when the intellect of a rational being, for want of culture, is lost to the great ends for which it was created, it is a loss which no one can measure, either for time or for eternity.

THE WARRIOR ARMING AGAIN AT THE SUMMONS
OF LIBERTY.

No wonder that they started again at the sound of the trumpet; no wonder that men, who had followed the mere summons of allegiance and loyalty to the shores of lake Champlain, and the banks of the St. Lawrence, should obey the cry of instinct, which called them to defend their homes. The blood which was not too precious to be shed upon the plains of Abraham, in order to wrest a distant colony from the dominion of France, might well be expected to flow like water, in defence of all that is dear to man.

EXTENSION OF THE REPUBLIC—THE LAST
EXPERIMENT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Though it may never again be the fortune of our country to bring within the compass of half a century a contrast so dazzling as this, yet in its grand and steady progress, the career of duty and usefulness will be run by all its children, under a constantly increasing excitement. The voice, which, in the morning of life, shall awaken the patriotic sympathy of the land, will be echoed back by a community, incalculably swelled in all its proportions, before that voice shall be hushed in death. The writer, by whom the noble features of our scenery shall be sketched with a glowing pencil, the traits of our romantic early history gathered up with filial zeal, and the peculiarities of our character seized with delicate perception, cannot mount so entirely and rapidly to success, but that ten years will add new millions to the numbers of his readers. The American statesman, the orator, whose voice is already heard in its supremacy, from Florida to Maine, whose intellectual empire already extends beyond the limits of Alexander's, has yet new states and new nations starting into being, the willing tributaries to his sway.

This march of our population westward has been attended with consequences in some degree novel, in the history of the human mind. It is a fact somewhat difficult of explanation, that the refinement of the ancient

nations seemed almost wholly devoid of an elastic and expansive principle. The arts of Greece were enchained to her islands and her coasts; they did not penetrate the interior, at least not in every direction. The language and literature of Athens were as much unknown, to the north of Pindus, at a distance of two hundred miles from the capital of Grecian refinement, as they were in Scythia. Thrace, whose mountain tops may almost be seen from the porch of the temple of Minerva at Sunium, was the proverbial abode of barbarism. Though the colonies of Greece were scattered on the coasts of Italy, of France, of Spain, and of Africa, no extension of their population far into the interior took place, and the arts did not penetrate beyond the walls of the cities, where they were cultivated. How different is the picture of the diffusion of the arts and improvements of civilization, from the coast to the interior of America! Population advances westward with a rapidity, which numbers may describe indeed, but cannot represent, with any vivacity, to the mind. The wilderness, which one year is impassable, is traversed the next by the caravans of the industrious emigrants, who go to follow the setting sun with the language, the institutions, and the arts of civilized life. It is not the irruption of wild barbarians, sent to visit the wrath of God on a degenerate empire; it is not the inroad of disciplined banditti, marshalled by the intrigues of ministers and kings.

It is the human family, led out to possess its broad patrimony. The states and nations, which are springing up in the valley of the Missouri, are bound to us, by the dearest ties of a common language, a common government, and a common descent. Before New England can look with coldness on their rising myriads, she must forget that some of the best of her own blood is beating in their veins; that her hardy children, with their axes on their shoulders, have been literally among the pioneers in this march of humanity; that young as she is, she has become the mother of populous states. What generous mind would sacrifice to a selfish preservation of local preponderance, the delight of beholding civilized nations rising up in the desert; and the language, the manners, the institutions, to which he has been reared, carried with his household gods to the foot of the Rocky Mountains? Who can forget that this extension of our territorial limits is the extension of the empire of all we hold dear; of our laws, of our character, of the memory of our ancestors, of the great achievements in our history? Whithersoever the sons of the thirteen states shall wander, to southern or western climes, they will send back their hearts to the rocky shores, the battle fields, and the intrepid councils of the Atlantic coast. These are placed beyond the reach of vicissitude. They have become already matter of history, of poetry, of eloquence :

The love, where death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.

Divisions may spring up, ill blood may burn, parties be formed, and interests may seem to clash ; but the great bonds of the nation are linked to what is passed. The deeds of the great men, to whom this country owes its origin and growth, are a patrimony, I know, of which its children will never deprive themselves. As long as the Mississippi and the Missouri shall flow, those men and those deeds will be remembered on their banks. The sceptre of government may go where it will ; but that of patriotic feeling can never depart from Judah. In all that mighty region, which is drained by the Missouri and its tributary streams—the valley co-extensive with the temperate zone—will there be, as long as the name of America shall last, a father, that will not take his children on his knee and recount to them the events of the twenty-second of December, the nineteenth of April, the seven-leventh of June, and the fourth of July ?

This then is the theatre, on which the intellect of America is to appear, and such the motives to its exertion ; such the mass to be influenced by its energies, such the crowd to witness its efforts, such the glory to crown its success. If I err, in this happy vision of my country's fortunes, I thank God for an error so animating. If this be false, may I never know the truth. Never may you, my friends, be

under any other feeling, than that a great, a growing, an immeasurably expanding country is calling upon you for your best services. The name and character of our Alma Mater have always been carried by some of our brethren thousands of miles from her venerable walls; and thousands of miles still farther westward, the communities of kindred men are fast gathering, whose minds and hearts will act in sympathy with yours.

The most powerful motives call on us, as scholars, for those efforts, which our common country demands of all her children. Most of us are of that class, who owe whatever of knowledge has shone into our minds, to the free and popular institutions of our native land. There are few of us, who may not be permitted to boast, that we have been reared in an honest poverty or a frugal competence, and owe every thing to those means of education, which are equally open to all. We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed. When the old world afforded no longer any hope, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society, to settle, and that forever, the momentous question—whether

mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system? One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of Freedom and Truth, are now hanging from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots, once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their Senate Houses and Forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages; from the sepulchres of the nations, which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith, which has been plighted by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us, by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us, in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.

THE PIONEER OF THE WEST.

What have we seen in all the newly settled portions of the Union? The hardy and enterprising youth finds society in the older settlements comparatively filled up. His portion of the old family farm is too narrow to satisfy his wants or his desires, and he goes forth, with the paternal blessing, and generally with little else, to take up his share of the rich heritage, which the God of nature has spread before him in this western world. He quits the land of his fathers,—the scenes of his early days,—with tender regret glistening in his eye, though hope mantles on his cheek. He does not, as he departs, shake off the dust of the venerated soil from his feet; but he goes on the bank of some distant river, to perpetuate the remembrance of the home of his childhood. He piously bestows the name of the spot where he was born, on the spot to which he has wandered; and while he is laboring with the difficulties, struggling with the privations, languishing perhaps under the diseases incident to the new settlement and the freshly opened soil, he remembers the neighborhood whence he sprang; the roof that sheltered his infancy; the spring that gushed from the rock by his father's door; where he was wont to bathe his heated forehead, after the toil of his youthful sports; the village school-house; the rural church; the graves of his father and his mother. In a few years a new community has

been formed; the forest has disappeared, beneath the sturdy arm of the emigrant; his children have grown up, the hardy offspring of the new clime; and the rising settlement is already linked in all its partialities and associations with that from which its fathers and founders had wandered.

THE INDIAN.

Yes! the savage fought a relentless war; but he fought for his native land, for the mound that covered the bones of his parents; he fought for his squaw and pappoose;—no, I will not defraud them of the sacred names, which our hearts understand;—he fought for his wife and children. He would have been, not a savage,—he would have been a thing, for which language has no name,—for which neither human nor brute existence has a parallel,—if he had not fought for them. Why, the very wild-cat, the wolf, will spring at the throat of the hunter, that enters her den;—the bear, the catamount, will fight for his hollow tree. The Indian was a man;—a degraded, ignorant savage, but a human creature,—aye, and he had the feelings of a man.

* * * * *

Is there any thing,—I do not say in the range of humanity;—is there any thing animated, that would not struggle against this? Is there,—I do not say a man,—who has ever

looked in the face of his sleeping child ;—a woman,

————— that has given suck, and knows
How tender 'tis to love the babe, that milks her ;

is there a dumb beast, a brute creature, a thing of earth or of air, the lowest in creation, so it be not wholly devoid of that mysterious instinct which binds the generations of beings together, that will not use the arms, which nature has given it, if you molest the spot where its fledglings nestle, where its cubs are crying for their meat ?

KNOWLEDGE PROGRESSIVE AND INFINITE.

And are the properties of matter all discovered? its laws all found out? the uses to which they may be applied all detected? I cannot believe it. We cannot doubt, that truths now unknown are in reserve, to reward the patience and the labors of future lovers of truth, which will go as far beyond the brilliant discoveries of the last generation, as these do beyond all that was known to the ancient world. The pages are infinite in that great volume, which was written by the hand divine, and they are to be gradually turned, perused, and announced, to benefited and grateful generations, by genius and patience ; and especially by patience ; by untiring, enthusiastic, self-devoting patience. The progress which has been made in art and science is indeed vast. We are ready to think a pause

must follow ; that the goal must be at hand. But there is no goal ; and there can be no pause ; for art and science are in themselves progressive and infinite. They are moving powers, animated principles : they are instinct with life ; they are themselves the intellectual life of man. Nothing can arrest them, which does not plunge the entire order of society into barbarism. There is no end to truth, no bound to its discovery and application ; and a man might as well think to build a tower, from the top of which he could grasp Sirius in his hand, as prescribe a limit to discovery and invention. Never do we more evince our arrogant ignorance, than when we boast our knowledge. True Science is modest ; for her keen, sagacious eye discerns that there are deep, undeveloped mysteries where the sciolist sees all plain.

WELCOME TO LAFAYETTE.

Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores ! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph, such as never conqueror nor monarch enjoyed, the assurance that throughout America, there is not a bosom, which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain, of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors, with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked

round in vain for the faces of many, who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril. Lincoln, and Green, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen, before the only foe they could not meet. Above all the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac, he lies in glory and peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation which reached you in the Austrian dungeons cannot now break its silence, to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome, in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome to our shores; and whithersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy welcome, welcome Lafayette.

KNOWLEDGE ADVANCED BY THE INTERCOURSE OF CULTIVATED MINDS.

It is indeed true, that one of the great secrets of the power of education, in its application to large numbers, is, that it is a mutual

work. Man has three teachers,—the school-master,—himself,—his neighbor. The instructions of the two first commence together; and long after the functions of the school-master have been discharged, the duties of the two last go on together; and what they effect is vastly more important than the work of the teacher, if estimated by the amount of knowledge self-acquired, or caught by the collision or sympathy of other minds, compared with that which is directly imparted by the school-master, in the morning of life. In fact, what we learn at school and in college, is but the foundation of the great work of self-instruction and mutual instruction, with which the real education of life begins, when what is commonly called the education is finished. The daily intercourse of cultivated minds,—the emulous exertions of the fellow-votaries of knowledge,—controversy,—the inspiring sympathy of a curious and intelligent public, are all powerful in putting each individual intellect to the stretch of its capacity. A hint,—a proposition,—an inquiry, proceeding from one mind, awakens new trains of thought in a kindred mind, surveying the subject from other points of view, and with other habits and resources of illustration;—and thus truth is constantly multiplied and propagated, by the mutual action and reaction of the thousands engaged in its pursuit. Hence the phenomena of Periclean, Augustan, and Medicean ages, and golden eras of improvement;—and

hence the education of each individual mind, instead of being merely the addition of one to the well-instructed and well-informed members of the community, is the introduction of another member into the great family of intellects, each of which is a point not merely bright but radiant, and competent to throw off the beams of light and truth in every direction. Mechanical forces, from the moment they are put in action, by the laws of matter grow fainter and fainter, till they are exhausted. With each new application, something of their intensity is consumed. It can only be kept up by a continued or repeated resort to the source of power. Could Archimedes have found his place to stand upon, and a lever with which he could heave the earth from its orbit, the utmost he could have effected would have been to make it fall a dead weight into the sun. Not being already previously known and recorded,—is regarded as a part of the existing stock of knowledge. From this principle also, we are led to an easy explanation of those curious appearances of simultaneous discoveries in art and science, of which literary history records many examples;—such as the rival pretensions of Newton and Leibnitz,—of Arkwright and Hargraves,—of Priestly and Lavoisier,—of Bell and Lancaster,—of Young and Champollion, which show, that at any given period, especially in a state of society favorable to the rapid diffusion of knowledge, the laws of the human mind are

so sure and regular, that it is not an uncommon thing for different persons, in different countries, to fall into the same train of reflection and thought, and to come to results and discoveries, which,—injuriously limiting the creative powers of the intellect, we are ready to ascribe to imitation or plagiarism.

DEERFIELD.

As I stand on this hallowed spot, my mind filled with the traditions of that disastrous day, surrounded by these enduring natural memorials, impressed with the touching ceremonies we have just witnessed,—the affecting incidents of the bloody scene crowd upon my imagination. This compact and prosperous village disappears, and a few scattered log cabins are seen, in the bosom of the primeval forest, clustering for protection around the rude block-house in the centre. A corn-field or two has been rescued from the all-surrounding wilderness, and here and there the yellow husks are heard to rustle in the breeze, that comes loaded with the mournful sighs of the melancholy pine woods. Beyond, the interminable forest spreads in every direction, the covert of the wolf, of the rattle-snake, of the savage; and between its gloomy copses, what is now a fertile and cultivated meadow, stretches out a dreary expanse of unreclaimed morass. I look,—I listen. All is still,—solemnly,—frightfully still. No voice of hu-

man activity or enjoyment breaks the dreary silence of nature, or mingles with the dirge of the woods and water-courses. All *seems* peaceful and still,—and yet there *is* a strange heaviness in the fall of the leaves in that wood that skirts the road ;—there is an unnatural flitting in those shadows ;—there is a plashing sound in the waters of that brook, which makes the flesh creep with horror. Hark ! it is the click of a gun-lock from that thicket ;—no it is a pebble, that has dropped from the over-hanging cliff, upon the rock beneath. It is, it is the gleaming blade of a scalping-knife ;—no, it is a sun-beam, thrown off from that dancing ripple. It is, it is the red feather of a savage chief, peeping from behind that maple tree ;—no, it is a leaf, which September has touched with her many-tinted pencil. And now a distant drum is heard ; yes, that is a sound of life,—conscious proud life. A single fife breaks upon the ear,—a stirring strain. It is one of the marches, to which the stern warriors of Cromwell moved over the field at Naseby and Worcester. There are no loyal ears, to take offence at a puritanical march in a transatlantic forest ; and hard by, at Hadley, there is a gray-haired fugitive, who followed the cheering strain, at the head of his division in the army of the great usurper. The warlike note grows louder ;—I hear the tread of armed men :—but I run before my story.

THE PEOPLE INVINCIBLE.

But in the efforts of the people,—of the people struggling for their right, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without entrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others. But in the strength and spirit of the cause alone they act, they contend, they bleed. In this, they conquer. The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are

driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado, and nature,—God, is their ally. Now He overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and never gave and never will give a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

IMPORTANCE OF THE WESTERN STATES.

I would ask you, not in reference to this or that question, but in reference to the whole complexion of the destinies of the country, as depending on the action of the general government; I would ask you as to that momentous future, which lies before us and our children,—by whom, by what influence, from what quarter, is our common country, with all the rich treasure of its character, its hopes, its fortunes, to be affected, to be controlled, to be sustained, and guided in the paths of wisdom, honor, and prosperity, or sunk into the depth of degeneracy and humiliation? Sir, the response is in every man's mind,—on every man's lips. The balance of the country's fortunes is in the West. There lie, wrapped up in the folds of an eventful futurity, the influ-

ences, which will most powerfully affect our national weal and woe. We have, in the order of Providence, allied ourselves to a family of sister communities, springing into existence, and increasing with unexampled rapidity. We have called them into a full partnership in the government; the course of events has put crowns on their heads, and sceptres in their hands; and we must abide the result. * * * *

Whom, in the name of Heaven, should we assist, if we refuse to assist them? What, sir, can we minister to the intellectual or spiritual wants of Syria, and of Greece, of Burmah, of Ceylon, and of the remotest isles of the Pacific;—have we enough and to spare for these remote nations and tribes, with whom we have no nearer kindred, than that Adam is our common parent, and Christ our common Saviour; and shall we shut our hands on the call for our soul's food, which is addressed to us, by these our brethren, our school-mates;—whose fathers stood side by side with ours, in the great crisis of the country's fortune;—whose forefathers rest, side by side, with ours, in the sacred soil of New-England? I say nothing, sir, in disparagement of the efforts made to carry the Gospel to the farthest corners of the earth. I bid them God-speed, with all my heart. But surely, the law of Christian love will not permit us, in our care for the distant heathen, to overlook the claims of our fellow citizens at home.

* * * * *

When, then, the right reverend bishop, and the friends of the West, ask you, on this occasion, to help them, they ask you, in effect, to spare a part of your surplus means, for an object, in which, to say the least, you have a common interest with them. They ask you to contribute to give security to your own property, by diffusing the means of light and truth throughout the region, where so much of the power to preserve or to shake it resides. They ask you to contribute to perpetuate the Union, by training up a well educated population, in the quarter which may hereafter be exposed to strong centrifugal influences. They ask you to recruit your waning strength in the national councils, by enlisting on your side their swelling numbers, reared in the discipline of sound learning and sober wisdom ; so that when your voice in the government shall become comparatively weak, instead of being drowned by a strange and unfriendly clamor from this mighty region, it may be re-echoed with increased strength and a sympathetic response, from the rising millions of the North-Western States. Yes, sir, they do more. They ask you to make yourselves rich in their respect, good will, and gratitude ;—to make your name dear and venerable in their distant shades. They ask you to give their young men cause to love you, now in the spring-time of life, before the heart is chilled and hardened ;—to make their old men, who in the morning of their days went out from your borders,

lift up their hands for blessings on you, and say, 'Ah, this is the good old-fashioned liberality of the land where we were born.' Yes, sir, we shall raise an altar in the remote wilderness. Our eyes will not behold the smoke of its incense, as it curls up to heaven. But there the altar will stand;—there the pure sacrifice of the spirit will be offered up; and the worshipper who comes, in all future time, to pay his devotions before it, will turn his face to the Eastward, and think of the land of his benefactors.

LANGUAGE OF FEELING.

There is an original element in our natures, —a connexion between the senses, the mind and the heart,—implanted by the Creator for pure and noble purposes, which cannot be reasoned away. You cannot argue men out of their senses and feelings; and after you have wearied yourself and others, by talking about books and history, you cannot set your foot upon the spot where some great and memorable exploit was achieved, especially by those with whom you claim kindred, but your heart swells within you. You do not now reason; you feel the inspiration of the place. Your cold philosophy vanishes; and you are ready to put off the shoes from off your feet, for the place whereon you stand is holy ground. A language which letters cannot shape, which sounds cannot convey, speaks, not to the understanding, but to the heart.

PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE COLONIZATION OF
AFRICA.

When I think what man is, in his powers and improvable capacities ;—when I reflect on the principles of education, as I have already attempted in this address to develop them, my wonder is at the condition to which man is sunk, and with which he is content, and not at any project or prophecy of his elevation. On the contrary, I see a thousand causes at work, to hasten the civilization of the world. I see the interest of the commercial nations enlisted in the cause of humanity and religion. I see refinement, and the arts, and Christianity, borne on the white wings of trade, to the farthest shores, and penetrating, by mysterious rivers, the hidden recesses of mighty continents. I behold a private company, beginning with commercial adventure, ending in a mighty association of merchant princes, and extending a government of Christian men over a hundred millions of benighted heathens in the barbarous East ; and thus opening a direct channel of communication between the very centre of European civilization and the heart of India. I see the ambition of extended sway, carrying the eagles of a prosperous empire, and with them, the fruitful rudiments of a civilized rule, over the feeble provinces of a neighboring despotism. I see the great work of African colonization auspiciously commenced, promising no scanty indemnity for the cruel wrongs

which that much injured continent has endured from the civilized world, and sending home to the shores of their fathers an intelligent well-educated colored population, going back with all the arts of life to this long oppressed land ; and I can see the soldiers of the cross beneath the missionary banner, penetrating the most inaccessible regions, reaching the most distant islands, and achieving, in a few years, a creation of moral and spiritual education, for which centuries might have seemed too short. When I behold all these active causes, backed by all the power of public sentiment, Christian benevolence, the social principle, and the very spirit of the age, I can believe almost any thing of hope and promise. I can believe every thing sooner, than that all this mighty moral enginery can remain powerless and ineffectual. It is against the law of our natures, fallen though they be, which tend not downwards but upwards. To those who doubt the eventual regeneration of mankind, I would say, in the language which the wise and pious poet has put into the mouth of the fallen angel,

Let such bethink them,—
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat. Descent and fall
To us are adverse.

Let him who is inclined to distrust the efficiency of the social and moral causes which are quietly at work for the improvement of the nations, reflect on the phenomena of the natural world. Whence come the waters, which

swell the vast current of the great rivers, and fill up the gulfs of the bottomless deep?—Have they not all gone up to the clouds, in a most thin and unseen vapor, from the wide surface of land and sea?—Have not these future billows, on which navies are soon to be tossed, in which the great monsters of the deep will disport themselves, been borne aloft on the bosom of a fleecy cloud,—chased by a breeze,—with scarce enough of substance to catch the hues of a sunbeam;—and have they not descended, sometimes indeed, in drenching rains,—but far more diffusively in dew-drops, and gentle showers, and feathery snows, over the expanse of a continent, and been gathered successively into the slender rill, the brook, the placid stream, till they grew, at last, into the mighty river, pouring down his tributary floods into the unfathomed ocean?

HOSTILE FEELINGS EXTINGUISHED BY DEATH.

Nor is it our purpose to rekindle the angry passions, although we would fain revive the generous enthusiasm of the day we celebrate. The boiling veins,—the burning nerves,—the almost maddened brain, which alone could have encountered the terrors of that day, have withered into dust, as still and cold as that with which they have mingled. There is no hostile feeling in that sacred repository. No cry for revenge bursts from its peaceful enclosure. Sacred relics! Ye have not come up

from your resting-place in yonder grave-yard, on an errand of wrath or hatred. Ye have but moved a little nearer to the field of your glory : to plead that your final resting-place may be on the spot where you fell ; to claim the protection of the sods which you once moistened with your blood. It is a reasonable request. There is not an American who hears me, I am sure, who would profane the touching harmony of the scene, by an unfriendly feeling ;—and if there is an Englishman present, who carries an Anglo-Saxon heart in his bosom, he will be among the last to grudge to these poor remains of gallant foes, the honors we this day pay to their memory. Though they fell in this remote transatlantic village, they stood on the solid rock of the old liberties of Englishmen, and struck for freedom in both hemispheres.

THE NATIONAL BANNER.

The ancient standard of Massachusetts Bay was displayed for the confederating colonies, before the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER OF THE UNION had been flung to the breeze. Should the time come, (which God avert), when that glorious banner shall be rent in twain, may Massachusetts, who first raised her standard in the cause of United America, be the last by whom that cause is deserted ; and as many of her children, who first raised that standard on this spot, fell gloriously in its defence, so may

the last son of Massachusetts, to whom it shall be entrusted, not yield it but in the mortal agony. * * * * * All hail to the glorious ensign ! Courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted ! May it first ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the country's strong hold, on the intented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast. Where-soever on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it. On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foot-hold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar. Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame. Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumph, on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart. First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone, may it for ever spread out its streaming blazon to the battle and the storm. First raised in this humble village, and since borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace for ever follow, where it leads the way !

UNION OF THE INTELLECTUAL AND CORPOREAL PRINCIPLES.

Our life exists in a mysterious union of the corporeal and intellectual principles, an alliance of singular intimacy, as well as of strange contrast, between the two extremes of being. In their due relation to each other, and in the rightful discharge of their respective functions, I do not know whether the pure ethereal essence itself, (at least as far as we can comprehend it, which is but faintly), ought more to excite our admiration than this most wondrous compound of spirit and matter. I do not know that it is extravagant to say, that there is as signal a display of the divine skill in linking those intellectual powers, which are the best image of the Divinity, with the forms and properties of matter, as in the creation of orders of beings purely disembodied and spiritual. When I contrast the dull and senseless clod of the valley, in its unanimated state, with the curious hand, the glowing cheek, the beaming eye, the discriminating sense which dwells in a thousand nerves, I feel the force of that inspired exclamation, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made !' And when I consider the action and reaction of soul and body on each other, the impulse given to volition from the senses ; and again to the organs by the will ; when I think how thoughts,—so exalted, that, though they comprehend all else, they cannot comprehend the laws of their own existence,—are yet able to take a shape in the material air,

to issue and travel from one sense in one man to another sense in another man;—so that, as the words drop from my lips, the secret chambers of the soul are thrown open, and its invisible ideas made manifest,—I am lost in wonder. If to this I add the reflection, how the world and its affairs are governed, the face of nature changed, oceans crossed, continents settled, families of men gathered and kept together for generations, and monuments of power, wisdom, and taste erected, which last for ages after the hands that reared them have turned to dust,—and all this by the regency of that fine intellectual principle, which sits modestly concealed behind its veil of clay, and moves its subject organs, I find no words to express my admiration of that union of mind and matter, by which these miracles are wrought.

LAFAYETTE.

By the side of Washington from his broad plantations,—of Greene, from his forge,—of Stark, from his almost pathless forests and granite hills,—of Putnam, from his humble farm, there is a place, at the war council of the Revolution, for a young nobleman from France. He is raised at once, above the feverish appetite for advancement,—the pest of affairs,—for he is born to the highest station society can bestow. He comes from the bosom of the domestic endearments, with which he has surrounded himself, before any of the accursed

poisons of pleasure have been poured into his heart ; and youth as he is, he brings the chaste and manly virtues of the husband and the father to the virtuous cause which he has embraced.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The atrocious, the unexampled, the ungodly abuses of the reign of terror have made the very name of the French Revolution hateful to mankind. The blood chills, the flesh creeps, the hair stands on end, at the recital of its horrors ; and no slight degree of the odium they occasion is unavoidably reflected on all, who had any agency in bringing it on. The subsequent events in Europe have also involved the French Revolution in a deep political unpopularity. It is unpopular in Great Britain, in the rest of Europe, in America, in France itself ; and not a little of this unpopularity falls on every one whose name is prominently connected with it. All this is prejudice, —natural prejudice, if you please,—but still prejudice. The French Revolution was the work of sheer necessity. I go farther. Penetrated as I am to heart-sickness, when I peruse the tale of its atrocities, I do not scruple to declare, that the French Revolution, as it existed in the purposes of Lafayette and associates, and while it obeyed their impulse, and so long as it was controlled by them, was, notwithstanding the melancholy excesses which

stained even its early stages, a work of righteous reform ;—that justice, humanity, and religion demanded it. I maintain this with some reluctance, because it is a matter, in respect to which, all are not of one mind, and I would not willingly say any thing, on this occasion, which could awaken a single discordant feeling. But I speak from a sense of duty ; and standing as I do over the grave of Lafayette, I may not, if my feeble voice can prevent it, allow the fame of one of the purest men that ever lived to be sacrificed to a prejudice ; to be overwhelmed with the odium of abuses which he did not foresee, which, if he had foreseen, he could not have averted, and with which he had himself no personal connexion, but as their victim?

LAFAYETTE AND NAPOLEON.

Kings, emperors, armies, nations, bowed at his footstool ;—and one man alone,—a private man, who had tasted power, and knew what he sacrificed ;—who had inhabited dungeons, and knew what he risked ;—who had done enough for liberty in both worlds, to satisfy the utmost requisitions of her friends,—this man alone stood aloof in his honor, his independence,—and his poverty. And if there is a man in this assembly, that would not rather have been Lafayette to refuse, than Napoleon to bestow his wretched gewgaws ; that would not rather have been Lafayette in retirement

and obscurity, and just not proscribed, than Napoleon with an emperor to hold his stirrup;—if there is a man, who would not have preferred the honest poverty of Lagrange to the bloody tinsel of St. Cloud;—that would not rather have shared the peaceful fireside of the friend of Washington, than have spurred his triumphant courser over the crushed and blackened heaps of slain, through the fire and carnage of Marengo and Austerlitz, that man has not an American heart in his bosom. That man is a slave, and fit to be the father of slaves. He does not deserve to breathe the pure air, to drink the cold springs, to tread the green fields, and hear the Sabbath bells of a free country. The colossal edifice of empire, which had been reared by Napoleon, crumbled by its own weight. The pride, the interests, the vanity, the patriotism, of the nations were too deeply outraged and wounded by his domination. In the ancient world,—or in the middle ages,—whose examples he too much studied, his dynasty would have stood for centuries. He would have founded an empire, as durable as that of Cæsar or Mahomet, had he, like them, lived in an age, when there was but one centre of civilization, and when it was possible for one mighty vortex of power, to draw into itself all the intelligence and capacity of the world. But the division of civilized man into several co-existing national systems,—all, in the main, equally enlightened and intelligent,—each having its own pride,—its own patriot-

ism,—its own public opinion,—created an obstacle too powerful for the genius of Napoleon ;—too strong for his arm ; too various, too widely complicated for his skill ; too sturdy for his gold.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

In the lives of individuals, there are moments which give a character to existence ;—moments too often through levity, indolence, or perversity, suffered to pass unimproved ; but sometimes met with the fortitude, vigilance, and energy due to their momentous consequences. So, in the life of nations, there are all-important junctures, when the fate of centuries is crowded into a narrow space,—suspended on the results of an hour. With the mass of statesmen, their character is faintly perceived,—their consequences imperfectly apprehended,—the certain sacrifices exaggerated,—the future blessings dimly seen ;—and some timid and disastrous compromise,—some faint-hearted temperament is patched up, in the complacency of short-sighted wisdom. Such a crisis was the period which preceded the 19th of April. Such a compromise the British ministry proposed, courted, and would have accepted most thankfully,—but not such was the patriotism nor the wisdom of those who guided the councils of America, and wrought out her independence. They knew, that in the order of that Providence, in which a thousand years

are as one day, a day is sometimes as a thousand years. Such a day was at hand. They saw,—they comprehended,—they welcomed it;—they knew it was an era. They met it with feelings like those of Luther, when he denounced the sale of indulgencies, and pointed his thunders at once,—poor Augustine monk,—against the civil and ecclesiastical power of the church, the Quirinal and the Vatican. They courted the storm of war, as Columbus courted the stormy billows of the glorious ocean, from whose giddy curling tops he seemed to look out, as from a watch-tower, to catch the first hazy wreath in the west, which was to announce that a new world was found. The poor Augustine monk knew and was persuaded, that the hour had come, and he was elected to control it, in which a mighty revolution was to be wrought in the Christian church. The poor Genoese pilot knew in his heart, that he had, as it were, but to stretch out the wand of his courage and skill, and call up a new continent from the depths of the sea;—and Hancock and Adams, through the smoke and flames of the 19th of April, beheld the sun of their country's independence arise, with healing in his wings.

And you, brave and patriotic men, whose ashes are gathered in this humble place of deposit, no time shall rob you of the well-deserved meed of praise! You too perceived not less clearly than the more illustrious patriots whose spirit you caught, that the decisive hour

had come. You felt with them, that it could not,—must not be shunned. You had resolved it should not. Reasoning, remonstrance had been tried; from your own town-meetings, from the pulpit, from beneath the arches of Faneuil Hall, every note of argument, of appeal, of adjuration, had sounded to the foot of the throne, and in vain. The wheels of destiny rolled on;—the great design of Providence must be fulfilled;—the issue must be nobly met, or basely shunned. Strange it seemed, inscrutable it was, that your remote and quiet village should be the chosen altar of the first great sacrifice. But so it was,—the summons came and found you waiting; and here in the centre of your dwelling places, within sight of the homes you were to enter no more, between the village church where your fathers worshipped, and the grave-yard where they lay at rest, bravely and meekly, like Christian heroes, you sealed the cause with your blood. Parker, Munroe, Hadley, the Harringtons, Muzzy, Brown:—alas, ye cannot hear my words;—no voice, but that of the archangel, shall penetrate your urns; but to the end of time your remembrance shall be preserved! To the end of time, the soil whereon ye fell is holy; and shall be trod with reverence, while America has a name among the nations!

FITNESS OF WASHINGTON FOR COMMAND.

It was necessary, *not* that, after having for some years languished or struggled on, beneath incompetent, unsuccessful, unpopular, and perhaps faithless chieftains, the country should at last have found her Washington, when her spirit was broken,—her resources exhausted,—her character discredited,—her allies disgusted,—in short, when Washington himself could not have saved her. No, it strikes the reflecting mind to have been necessary, absolutely necessary, at the very outset of the contest, to have a leader possessed of all the qualities, which were actually found in him. He cannot be waited for, even if by being waited for, he is sure to be found. The organization of the army may be a work of difficulty and time,—the plan of confederation may drag tardily along,—the finances may plunge from one desperate expedient to another,—expedition after expedition may fail;—but it is manifestly indispensable, that from the first, there should be one safe governing mind, one clear, unclouded intellect, one resolute will,—one pure and patriotic heart,—placed at the head of affairs by common consent. One such character there must be, for the very reason that all other resources are wanting;—and with one such character, all else in time will be supplied. The storm sails may fly in ribbons to the wind; mast and top-mast may come down,—and every billow of the ocean boil through the gaping

seams ;—and the brave ship, by the blessing of Heaven, may yet ride out the tempest. But when the winds, in all their fury, are beating upon her, and the black and horrid rocks of a lee shore are already hanging over the deck, and all other hope and dependence fail, if then the chain cable gives way, she must, with all on board, be dashed to pieces. I own I regard it, though but a single view of the character of Washington, as one of transcendent importance, that the commencement of the Revolution found him already prepared and mature for the work ; and that on the day on which his commission was signed by John Hancock,—the immortal 17th of June, 1775,—a day on which Providence kept an even balance with the cause, and while it took from us our Warren, gave us our Washington,—he was just as consummate a leader for peace or for war, as when, eight years after, he resigned that commission at Annapolis.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1776.

On the one hand, the great sanctuary of the British power, the *adytum imperii*, is heard, as Tacitus says of the sanctuary at Jerusalem, to resound with the valediction of the departing gods. On the other hand, the fair temple of American independence is seen rising, like an exhalation from the soil,

Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes.

KNOWLEDGE THE ALLY OF RELIGION.

Knowledge is the faithful ally both of natural and revealed religion. Natural religion is one grand deduction made by the enlightened understanding, from a faithful study of the great book of nature; and the record of revealed religion, contained in the Bible, is not merely confirmed by the harmony which the mind delights to trace between it and the 'elder Scripture writ by God's own hand;' but Revelation, in all ages, has called to its aid the meditations and researches of pious and learned men; and most assuredly, at every period, for one man of learning, superficial or profound, who has turned the weapons of science against religion or morals, hundreds have consecrated their labors to their defence. Christianity is revealed to the mind of men, in a peculiar sense. To what are its hopes, its sanctions, its precepts addressed; to the physical or the intellectual portion of his nature; to the perishing or the immortal element? Is it on ignorance or on knowledge, that its evidences repose? It is by ignorance or knowledge, that its sacred records are translated from the original tongues, into the thousands of languages, spoken in the world?—and if, by perverted knowledge, it has sometimes been attacked, is it by ignorance or knowledge that it has been and must be defended? What but knowledge is to prevent us, in short, from being borne down and carried away, by the

overwhelming tide of fanaticism and delusion, put in motion by the moon-struck impostors of the day? Before we permit ourselves to be agitated with painful doubts as to the connexion of a diffusion of knowledge with religion and morals, let us remember that, in proportion to the ignorance of a community, is the ease with which their belief can be shaken and their assent attained to the last specious delusion of the day—till you may finally get down to a degree of ignorance, on which reason and Scripture are alike lost; which is ready to receive Joe Smith as an inspired prophet, and Matthias as——but shame and horror forbid me to complete the sentence.

* * * * *

We are composed of two elements; the one, a little dust caught up from the earth, to which we shall soon return; the other, a spark of that divine intelligence, in which and through which we bear the image of the great Creator. By knowledge, the wings of the intellect are spread;—by ignorance, they are closed and palsied; and the physical passions are left to gain the ascendancy. Knowledge opens all the senses to the wonders of creation; ignorance seals them up, and leaves the animal propensities unbalanced by reflection, enthusiasm, and taste. To the ignorant man, the glorious pomp of day, the sparkling mysteries of night, the majestic ocean, the rushing storm,

the plenty-bearing river, the salubrious breeze, the fertile field, the docile animal tribes, the broad, the various, the unexhausted domain of nature, are a mere outward pageant, poorly understood in their character and harmony, and prized only so far as they minister to the supply of sensual wants. How different the scene to the man whose mind is stored with knowledge ! For him the mystery is unfolded, the veils lifted up, as one after another he turns the leaves of that great volume of creation, which is filled in every page with the characters of wisdom, power, and love ; with lessons of truth the most exalted ; with images of unspeakable loveliness and wonder ; arguments of Providence ; food for meditation ; themes of praise. One noble science sends him to the barren hills, and teaches him to survey their broken precipices. Where ignorance beholds nothing but a rough inorganic mass, instruction discerns the intelligible record of the primal convulsions of the world ; the secrets of ages before man was ; the landmarks of the elemental struggle and throes of what is now the terraqueous globe. Buried monsters, of which the races are now extinct, are dragged out of deep strata, dug out of eternal rocks, and brought almost to life, to bear witness to the power that created them. Before the admiring student of nature has realized all the wonders of the elder world, thus, as it were, re-created by science, another delightful instructress, with her microscope

in her hand, bids him sit down and learn at last to know the universe in which he lives; and contemplate the limbs, the motions, the motions, the circulations of races of animals, disporting in *their* tempestuous ocean,—a drop of water. Then, while his whole soul is penetrated with admiration of the power which has filled with life, and motion, and sense, these all but non-existent atoms,—O, then, let the divinest of the muses, let astronomy approach, and take him by the hand; let her

Come, but keep her wonted state
With even step and musing gait,
And looks communing with the skies
Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes :—

Let her lead him to the mount of vision; let her turn her heaven-piercing tube to the sparkling vault; through that, let him observe the serene star of evening, and see it transformed into a cloud-encompassed orb, a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps; or behold the pale beams of Saturn, lost to the untaught observer amidst myriads of brighter stars, and see them expand into the broad disk of a noble planet,—the seven attendant worlds,—the wondrous rings,—a mighty system in itself, borne at the rate of twenty-two thousand miles an hour, on its broad pathway through the heavens; and then let him reflect that our great solar system, of which Saturn and his stupendous retinue is but a small part, fills itself, in the general structure of the universe, but the space of one fixed star; and that the power which filled the drop of water with

millions of living beings, is present and active, throughout this illimitable creation!—
Yes, yes,

The undevout astronomer is mad !

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

It is the signal improvement of the present day, that the action and reaction of book-learning and general intelligence are so prompt, intense, and all-pervading. The moment a discovery is made, a principle demonstrated, a proposition advanced through the medium of the press, in any part of the world, it finds immediately a host, numberless as the sands of the sea, prepared to take it up, to canvass, confirm, refute, or pursue it. At every waterfall, on the line of every canal and railroad, in the counting-room of every factory and mercantile establishment, on the quarter deck of every ship which navigates the high seas, on the farm of every intelligent husbandman, in the workshop of every skillful mechanic, at the desk of the schoolmaster, in the office of the lawyer, in the study of the physician and clergyman, at the fireside of every man, who has had the elements of a good education, not less than in the professed retreats of learning, there is an intellect to seize, to weigh, and appropriate the suggestion, whether it belong to the world of science, of taste, or of morals.

IMPORTANCE OF FACILITIES OF INTERCOURSE.

The great political basis of all our prosperity is *Union*; the great political danger that menaces us is *Disunion*. All else can be borne, if we can avoid this calamity; and if this is fated to betal us, all our other blessings will turn to dust and ashes in our grasp. The rapid growth of our country, the prodigious population and resources of single sections, tend to disunion. I am sorry to say, that on the floor of Congress, I have heard calculations of the capacity of individual States to support themselves as independent governments. I know of nothing so well calculated to counteract the centrifugal tendency, as to increase the facilities for intercourse. They will prove not merely avenues of business, but pathways of intelligence and social feeling. They will make the distant near and the many one, for all the purposes of defence, strength, and good neighborhood. It is the great prerogative of science and art, applied to the business of life, to conquer the obstacles of time and place; to redress the wrongs of nature. By promoting the rapid circulation of knowledge, the prompt communication of intelligence, we shall carry on and perfect the noble work HERE begun by men, some of whose portraits are now looking down upon us.

A CONTRAST.

I saw the marshals of Napoleon gorged with the plunder of Europe, and stained with its blood, borne on their flashing chariot wheels through the streets of Paris. I saw the ministers of Napoleon filling the highest posts of trust and honor under Louis XVIII; and I saw the friend of Washington, glorious in his noble poverty, looking down from the dazzling height of his consistency and his principles, on their paltry ambition and its more paltry rewards.

GENERAL GOFFE.

While the inhabitants were engaged in the religious services, the savages burst in upon the village. Although it was the practice to go armed to church, yet, taken by surprise at the sudden inroad, the inhabitants were thrown into confusion. The savage foe rushes on; the citizens are about to disperse and fly. At a venerable stranger appeared, of commanding the moment of greatest confusion and danger, aspect, clothed in black apparel of unusual fashion, his hair white from age. With sword in hand, he places himself at the head of the flying inhabitants, encourages them to stand and resist the enemy, animates them at once by his example and his voice, disposes them in the most advantageous manner, fights valiantly at their head, and repulses the enemy. This done, he vanishes as promptly as he ap-

peared. The superstitious Indians, not less than the devout and awe-struck English, believed it was an angel. The wish to conceal the place of refuge of the fugitives, for a long time prevented an explanation of the fact. In the course of time it was discovered to have been General Goffe, one of the judges who sat in the trial of Charles I; and who, taking refuge on this the very frontier of the British empire, with one of his colleagues, Whalley, had for many years lived in concealment in the house of Mr. Russell, the minister at Hadley.

THE "FLOWER OF ESSEX."

If we turn our thoughts to the grand design with which America was colonized, and the success with which, under Providence, that design has been crowned, I own I find it difficult to express myself in terms of moderation. When I compare our New-England, at the present day, with the New-England of our fathers, a century and a half ago; the New-England on which this morning's sun rose, with that of the day we commemorate; when I consider this abundance and prosperity,—these fertile fields, these villages, crowded with a population instinct with activity, hope, and enjoyment; when I look at the hills cultivated, or covered with flocks, to their summits, and only so much of the forest remaining as ministers to the convenience and use of man; when I see the roads, the bridges, the

canals, the railways, which spread their busy net-work over the face of the country, quickening into intensity the exchanges of business, and the intercourse of men; when I see the intellectual, moral, and religious growth of the community,—its establishments, its institutions, its social action, and reflect that all this life, enjoyment and plenty are placed under the invisible protection of the public peace; when I consider, further, that what we see, and hear, and feel, and touch, of all these blessings, is perhaps the smallest part of them; that, by the force of our example, by the blessed sympathy of light and truth, the glad tidings of political, of moral, and religious revival are destined to spread to distant regions, and flow down to the remotest generations, out of the living fountain which has been opened here;—my heart melts within me for grief, that they, the high-souled and long-suffering fathers,—they, the pioneers of the mighty enterprise,—they, the founders of the glorious temple, must die before the sight of all these blessings. Oh, that we could call them back, to see the work of their hands! Oh, that our poor strains of gratitude could penetrate their tombs! Oh, that we could quicken into renewed consciousness the brave and precious dust that moulders beneath our feet.—Oh, that they could rise up in the midst of us, the hopeful, the valiant, the self-devoted, and graciously accept these humble offices of commemoration! But though they tasted not the

fruit, they shall not lose the praise of their sacrifice and toils. I read in your eyes, that they shall not be defrauded of their renown. This mighty concourse bears witness to the emotions of a grateful posterity. Yon simple monument shall rise a renewed memorial of their names. On this sacred spot, where the young, the brave, the patriotic, poured out their life-blood in defence of that heritage which has descended to us, we this day solemnly bring our tribute of gratitude. Ages shall pass away; the majestic tree which overshadows us shall wither and sink before the blast, and we, who are now gathered beneath it, shall mingle with the honored dust we eulogize; but the 'Flower of Essex' shall bloom in undying remembrance; and with every century, these rites of commemoration shall be repeated, as the lapse of time shall continually develope, in richer abundance, the fruits of what was done and suffered by our fathers!

OUR MOTHER TONGUE.

There is, indeed, an influence of exalted genius co-extensive with the earth. Something of its power will be felt, in spite of the obstacles of different languages, remote regions, and other times. But its true empire and its lawful sway, are at home, and over the hearts of kindred men. A charm, which nothing can borrow, nothing counterfeit, nothing dispense with, resides in the simple sound

of our mother tongue. Not analyzed, nor reasoned upon, it unites the earliest associations of life with the maturest conceptions of the understanding. The heart is willing to open all its avenues to the language, in which its infantile caprices were soothed; and by the curious efficacy of the principle of association, it is this echo from the feeble dawn of life, which gives to eloquence much of its manly power, and to poetry much of its divine charm. This feeling of the music of our native language is the first intellectual capacity that is developed in children, and when by age or misfortune,

‘ the ear is all unstrung,
Still, still, it loves the lowland tongue.’

MOTIVES TO INTELLECTUAL EXERTION.

In the full comprehension of the terms, the *motives to intellectual exertion* in a country embrace the most important springs of national character. Pursued into its details, the study of these springs of national character is often little better than fanciful speculation. The question, why Asia has almost always been the abode of despotism, and Europe more propitious to liberty; why the Egyptians were abject and melancholy; the Greeks inventive, elegant, and versatile; the Romans stern, saturnine, and, in matters of literature, for the most part servile imitators of a people, whom they conquered, despised, and never equalled; why

tribes of barbarians from the north and east, not known to differ essentially from each other at the time of their settlement in Europe, should have laid the foundation of national characters so dissimilar, as those of the Spanish, French, German, and English nations ;—these are questions to which a few general answers may be attempted, that will probably be just and safe, only in proportion as they are vague and comprehensive. Difficult as it is, even in the individual man, to point out precisely the causes, under the influence of which members of the same community and of the same family, placed apparently in the same circumstances, grow up with characters the most diverse ; it is infinitely more difficult to perform the same analysis on a subject so vast as a Nation ; where it is often times first to be settled, what the precise character is, before you touch the inquiry into the circumstances by which it was formed.

But as, in the case of individual character, there are certain causes of undisputed and powerful operation ; there are also in national character causes equally undisputed of improvement and excellence, on the one hand, and of degeneracy, on the other. The philosophical student of history may often fix on circumstances, which in their operation on the minds of the people, in furnishing the motives and giving the direction to intellectual exertion, have had the chief agency in making them what they were or are. It is in the

highest degree curious to trace physical and historical facts into their political, intellectual, and moral consequences; and to show how the climate, the geographical position, and even the particular topography of a region connect themselves, by evident association, with the state of society, its leading pursuits, and characteristic institutions.

In the case of other nations, particularly of those, which in the great drama of the world, have long since passed from the stage, these speculations, however, are often only curious. The operation of a tropical climate in enervating and fitting a people for despotism; the influence of a broad river or a lofty chain of mountains, in arresting the march of conquest or of emigration, and thus becoming the boundary not merely of governments, but of languages, literature, institutions, and character; the effect of a quarry of fine marble on the progress of the liberal arts; the agency of popular institutions in promoting popular eloquence, and the tremendous reaction of popular eloquence on the fortunes of a state; the comparative destiny of colonial settlements, of insular states, of tribes fortified in nature's Alpine battlements, or scattered over a smiling region of olive gardens and vineyards; these are all topics indeed of rational curiosity and liberal speculation, but important only as they may illustrate the prospects of our own country.

It is therefore, when we turn the inquiry to

our country, when we survey its features, search its history, and contemplate its institutions, to see what the motives are, which are to excite and guide the minds of the people; when we dwell not on a distant, an uncertain, an almost forgotten past; but on an impending feature, teeming with life and action, toward which we are rapidly and daily swept forward, and with which we stand in the dearest connexion, which can bind the generations of man together; a future, which our own characters, our own actions, our own principles, will do something to stamp with glory or shame; it is then that the inquiry becomes practical, momentous, and worthy the attention of every patriotic scholar. We then strive, as far as it is in the power of philosophical investigation to do it, to unfold our country's reverend auspices, to cast its great horoscope in the national sky, where many stars are waning, and many have set; to ascertain whether the soil which we love, as that where our fathers are laid, and we shall presently be laid with them, will be trod in times to come by a virtuous, enlightened, and free people.

FREE INSTITUTIONS MOST FAVORABLE TO THE
DEVELOPEMENT OF INTELLECTS

The first of the circumstances which are acting and will continue to act, with a strong peculiarity among us, and which must prove

one of the most powerful influences, in exciting and directing the intellect of the country, is the new form of political society, which has here been devised and established. I shall not wonder so far from the literary limits of this occasion, nor into a field so oft trodden, as the praises of free political institutions. But the direct and appropriate influence on mental effort, of a political system like ours, has not yet, perhaps, received the attention, which, from every American scholar, it richly deserves. I have ventured to say, that a new form of polity has here been devised and established. The ancient Grecian republics, indeed, were free enough within the walls of the single city, of which many of them were wholly or chiefly composed ; but to these single cities the freedom, as well as the power, was confined. Toward the confederated or tributary states, the government was generally a despotism, more capricious and not less severe, than that of a single tyrant. Rome, as a state, was never free ; in every period of her history, authentic and dubious, royal, republican, and imperial, her proud citizens were the slaves of an artful, accomplished, wealthy aristocracy ; and nothing but the hard fought battles of her stern tribunes can redeem her memory to the friends of liberty. In ancient and modern history, there is no example, before our own, of a purely elective and representative system. It is on an entirely novel plan, that, in this country, the whole direction and influence of

affairs ; all the trusts and honors of society ; the power of making, abrogating, and administering the laws ; the whole civil authority and sway, from the highest post in the government to the smallest village trust, are put directly into the market of merit. Whatsoever efficacy there is in high station and exalted honors, to call out and exercise the powers, either by awakening the emulation of aspirants, or exciting the efforts of incumbents, is here directly exerted on the largest mass of men, with the smallest possible deductions. Nothing is bestowed on the chance of birth, nothing flows through the channel of hereditary family interests ; but whatever is desired must be sought in the way of a broad, fair, personal competition. It requires little argument to show, that such a system must most widely and most powerfully have the effect of appealing to whatever energy the land contains ; of searching out, with magnetic instinct, in the remotest quarters, the latent ability of its children.

* * * * *

We have hardly the means of settling from analogy, what direction the mind will most decisively take, when left under strong excitements to action, wholly without restraint from the arm of power, throughout a vastly extensive and highly prosperous country. It is impossible to anticipate what garments our native muses will weave for themselves. To

foretell our literature would be to create it. There was a time before an epic poem, a tragedy, or a historical composition had ever been produced by the wit of man. It was a time of vast and powerful empires, of populous and wealthy cities. Greece had been settled a thousand years, before the golden age of her literature began. But these new and beautiful forms of human thought and feeling all sprang up under the excitement of her free institutions. Before they appeared in the world, it would have been idle for the philosopher to form conjectures, as to the direction, which the kindling genius of the age was to assume. He, who could form, could and would realize the anticipation, and it would cease to be an anticipation. Assuredly, epic poetry was invented then and not before, when the gorgeous vision of the Illiad, not in its full detail of circumstance, but in the dim conception of its leading scenes and bolder features, burst into the soul of Homer. Impossible, indeed, were the task, fully to foresee the course of the mind, under the influence of institutions as new, as peculiar, and far more animating than those of Greece. But if, as no one will deny, our political system brings more minds into action on equal terms, if it provide a prompter circulation of thought throughout the community, if it give weight and emphasis to more voices, if it swell to tens of thousands and millions, those 'sons of emulation, who crowd the narrow strait where honor travels,' then it

seems not too much to foretell some peculiarity at least, if we may not call it improvement, in that literature, which is but the voice and utterance of all this mental action. There is little doubt that the instrument of communication itself will receive great improvements; that the written and spoken language will acquire force and power; possibly, that forms of address, wholly new, will be struck out, to meet the universal demand for new energy. When the improvement or the invention (whatever it be,) comes, it will come unlooked for, as well to its happy author as the world. But where great interests are at stake, great concerns rapidly succeeding each other, depending on almost innumerable wills, and yet requiring to be apprehended, at a glance, and explained in a word; where movements are to be given to a vast empire, not by transmitting orders, but by diffusing opinions, exciting feelings, and touching the electric chord of sympathy, there language and expression will become intense, and the old processes of communication must put on a vigor and a directness, adapted to the aspect of the times. Our country is called, as it is, practical; but this is the element for intellectual action. No strongly marked and high toned literature; poetry, eloquence, or ethics, ever appeared but in the pressure, the din, and crowd of great interests, great enterprises, and perilous risks, and dazzling rewards. Statesmen, and warriors, and poets, and orators, and artists, start

up under one and the same excitement. They are all branches of one stock. They form, and cheer, and stimulate; and, what is worth all the rest, understand each other; and it is as truly the sentiment of the student, in the recesses of his cell, as of the soldier in the ranks, which breathes in the exclamation:

To all the sons of sense proclaim,
One glorious hour of *crowded life*
Is worth an age without a name.

* * * * *

Mark the contrast in Greece. With the first emerging of that country into the light of political liberty, the poems of Homer appear. Some centuries of political misrule and literary darkness follow, and then the great constellation of their geniuses seems to rise at once. The stormy eloquence and the deep philosophy, the impassioned drama and the grave history, were all produced for the entertainment of that 'fierce democratie' of Athens. Here then, the genial influence of liberty on letters is strongly put to the test. Athens was certainly a free state; free to licentiousness, free to madness. The rich were arbitrarily pillaged to defray the expenses of the state, the great were banished to appease the envy of their rivals, the wise sacrificed to the fury of the populace. It was a state, in short, where liberty existed with most of the imperfections, which have led men to love and praise despotism. Still, however, it was for this lawless,

merciless people, that the most chastised and accomplished literature, which the world has known, was produced. The philosophy of Plato was the attraction, which drew to a morning's walk in the olive gardens of the academy, the young men of this factious city. Those tumultuous assemblies of Athens, the very same, which rose in their wrath, and to a man, and clamored for the blood of Phocion, required to be addressed, not in the cheap extemporaneous rant of modern demagogues, but in the elaborate and thrice repeated orations of Demosthenes. No! the noble and elegant arts of Greece grew up in no Augustan age, enjoyed neither royal nor imperial patronage. Unknown before in the world, strangers on the Nile, and strangers on the Euphrates, they sprang at once into life, in a region not unlike our own New-England,—iron bound, sterile, and free. The imperial astronomers of Chaldæa went up almost to the stars in their observatories; but it was a Greek, who first foretold an eclipse, and measured the year. The nations of the East invented the alphabet, but not a line has reached us of profane literature, in any of their languages; and it is owing to the embalming power of Grecian genius, that the invention itself has been transmitted to the world. The Egyptian architects could erect structures, which, after three thousand five hundred years, are still standing, in their uncouth original majesty; but it was only on the barren soil of Attica, that the beautiful

columns of the Parthenon and the Theseum could rest, which are standing also.

LITERATURE THE OFFSPRING OF LIBERTY.

Literature is the voice of the age and the state. The character, energy, and resources of the country, are reflected and imaged forth in the conceptions of its great minds. They are organs of the time; they speak not their own language, they scarce think their own thoughts; but under an impulse like the prophetic enthusiasm of old, they must feel and utter the sentiments which society inspires. They do not create, they obey the Spirit of the Age; the serene and beautiful spirit descended from the highest heaven of liberty, who laughs at our little preconceptions, and with the breath of his mouth, sweeps before him the men and the nations, that cross his path. By an unconscious instinct, the mind in the action of its powers, adapts itself to the number and complexion of the other minds, with which it is to enter into communion or conflict. As the voice falls into the key, which is suited to the space to be filled, the mind, in the various exercises of its creative faculties, strives with curious search for that master-note, which will awaken a vibration from the surrounding community, and which, if it do not find it, it is itself too often struck dumb.

For this reason, from the moment in the destiny of nations, that they descend from

their culminating point, and begin to decline, from that moment the voice of creative genius is hushed, and at best, the age of criticism, learning, and imitation, succeeds. When Greece ceased to be independent, the forum and the stage became mute. The patronage of Macedonian, Alexandrian, and Pergamean princes was lavished in vain. They could not woo the healthy Muses of Hellas, from the cold mountain tops of Greece, to dwell in their gilded halls. Nay, though the fall of greatness, the decay of beauty, the waste of strength, and the wreck of power have ever been among the favorite themes of the pensive muse, yet not a poet arose in Greece to chant her own elegy; and it is after near three centuries, and from Cicero and Sulpicius, that we catch the first notes of pious and pathetic lamentation over the fallen land of the arts. The freedom and genius of a country are invariably gathered into a common tomb, and there

can only strangers breathe
The name of that which was beneath.

DESIGNS OF THE PILGRIMS FULFILLED BEYOND THEIR EXPECTATIONS.

There seems to me this peculiarity in the nature of their enterprise, that its grand and beneficent consequences are with the lapse of time, constantly unfolding themselves, in the extent, and to a magnitude, beyond the reach of the most sanguine promise. In the frail

condition of human affairs, we have generally nothing left us to commemorate, but heroic acts of valor, which have resulted in no permanent effect; great characters, that have struggled nobly, but in vain, against the disastrous combinations of the times; and brilliant triumphs of truth and justice, rendered unproductive, by the complication of untoward and opposite events. It is almost the peculiar character of the enterprise of our pilgrim forefathers,—successful indeed in its outset,—that it has been more and more successful, at every subsequent point in the line of time. Accomplishing all they projected; what they projected was the least part of what has been accomplished. Forming a design, in itself grand, bold, and even appalling, for the risks and sacrifices it required; the fulfilment of that design is the least thing, which in the steady progress of events, has flowed from their counsels and their efforts. Did they propose to themselves a refuge beyond the sea, from the religious and political tyranny of Europe? They achieved not that alone, but they have opened a wide asylum to all the victims of tyranny throughout the world. We ourselves have seen the statesmen, the generals, the kings of the elder world, flying for protection to the shadow of our institutions. Did they look for a retired spot, inoffensive for its obscurity, and safe in its remoteness, where the little church of Leyden might enjoy the freedom of conscience? Behold the mighty regions over

which, in peaceful conquest,—*victoria sine clade*,—they have borne the banners of the cross. Did they seek, beneath the protection of trading charters, to prosecute a frugal commerce in reimbursement of the expenses of their humble establishment? The fleets and navies of their descendants are on the farthest ocean; and the wealth of the Indies is now wafted with every tide to the coasts, where with hook and line they painfully gathered up their little adventures. In short, did they, in their brightest and most sanguine moments, contemplate a thrifty, loyal, and prosperous colony, portioned off, like a younger son of the imperial household, to an humble and dutiful distance? Behold the spectacle of an independent and powerful Republic, founded on the shores where some of those are but lately deceased, who saw the first-born of the pilgrims!

TIME OF THE SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA HAPPILY CHOSEN.

We cannot but regard it as the plain interposition of Providence, that at the critical point of time, when the most powerful springs of improvement were in operation, a chosen company of pilgrims, who were actuated by these springs of improvement, in all their strength, who had purchased the privilege of dissent at the high price of banishment from the civilized world, and who, with the dust of their

feet, had shaken off the antiquated abuses and false principles, which had been accumulating for thousands of years, came over to these distant, unoccupied shores. I know not that the work of thorough reform could be safely trusted to any other hands. I can credit their disinterestedness, when they maintain the equality of ranks; for no rich forfeitures of attainted lords awaits them in the wilderness. I need not question the sincerity with which they assert the rights of conscience; for the plundered treasures of an ancient hierarchy are not to seal their doctrine. They rested the edifice of their civil and religious liberties on a foundation as pure as the snows around them. Blessed be the spot, the only one on earth, where such a foundation was ever laid! Blessed be the spot, the only one on earth, where man has attempted to establish the good, without beginning with the sad, the odious, the often suspicious task of pulling down the bad!

A NATION'S TRUE RICHES.

Describe to me a country rich in veins of the precious metals, that is traversed by good roads. Inform me of the convenience of bridges, where the rivers roll over golden sands. Tell me of a thrifty, prosperous village of freemen, in the miserable districts where every clod of the earth is kneaded up for diamonds, beneath the lash of the task-master. No, never! while the constitution, not of states, but of human

nature, remains the same ; never, while the laws, not of civil society, but of God are unrepealed, will there be a hardy, virtuous, independent yeomanry, in regions where two acres of untilled banana will feed a hundred men. It is idle to call that *food*, which can never feed a free, intelligent, industrious population. It is not food ; it is dust ; it is chaff ; it is ashes ;—there is no nourishment in it, if it be not carefully sown, and painfully reaped, by laborious freemen, on their own fee-simple acres.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

What citizen of our republic is not grateful, in the contrast which our history presents ? Who does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land, out of the deep foundations of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England ? What American does not feel proud, that he is descended from the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke ? Who does not know, that while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosoms of our fathers ; the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the sons of liberty there ? Who does not remember, that

when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained, till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget, that in that eventful struggle, which severed this mighty empire from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke or of Chatham, within the walls of the British parliament, and at the foot of the British throne? No, for myself, I can truly say, that after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat;—to come back to the abode of an aged and venerable parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language beyond the sea, is a music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness, or Castilian majesty. I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, the forms, in which I have been brought up. I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians, the poets, have made familiar to us,—of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence, the spots, where

I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land, rich in the memory of the great and good; the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the west.

I am not,—I need not say I am not,—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet,—stars, garters, and blue ribbons,—seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire grasping the farthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles to which it has been called; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birth place of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful, to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without

emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton; and I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native land, which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

ADVERSITY FAVORABLE TO THE GROWTH OF
NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE.

Could a common calculation of policy have dictated the terms of that settlement, no doubt our foundations would have been laid beneath the royal smile. Convoys and navies would have been solicited to waft our fathers to the coast; armies, to defend the infant communities; and the flattering patronage of princes and lords, to espouse their interests in the councils of the mother country. Happy, that our fathers enjoyed no such patronage; happy, that they fell into no such protecting hands; happy, that our foundations were silently and deeply cast in quiet insignificance, beneath a charter of banishment, persecution, and contempt; so that when the royal arm was at length outstretched against us, instead of a submissive child, tied down by former graces, it found a youthful giant in the land, born amidst hardships, and nourished on the rocks, indebted for no favors, and owing no duty. From the dark portals of the star chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the Pilgrims received a commission, more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal.

EXAMPLES OF PATRIOTISM SHOULD BE SOUGHT
IN THE HISTORY OF OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The national character, in some of its most important elements, must be formed, elevated, and strengthened from the materials which history presents. Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ; and going back to find in obscure texts of Greek and Latin the great exemplars of patriotic virtue? I rejoice that we can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil;—that strains of the noblest sentiment, that ever swelled in the breast of man, are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue;—that the colonial and the provincial councils of America, exhibit to us models of the spirit and character, which gave Greece and Rome their name and their praise among the nations. Here we ought to go for our instruction;—the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country, in the face of the foe. But when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his only child, if it happened to be a sickly babe,—the very object for

which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead,—from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus. We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the workshops and door-posts of their masters, to go and fight the battles of freedom. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times; they possibly increase that interest, by the singular contrast they exhibit. But they do warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home; out of the exploits and sacrifices, of which our own country is the theatre; out of the characters of our own fathers. Them we know, the high-souled, natural, unaffected,—the citizen heroes. We know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry, about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance,—for conscience' and liberty's sake,—not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits, and the native love of order and peace.

MEMORY OF THE REVOLUTION OUGHT TO BE
CHERISHED.

Fast, oh, too fast, with all our efforts to prevent it, their precious memories are dying away. Notwithstanding our numerous written memorials, much of what is known of those eventful times dwells but in the recollection of a few revered survivors, and with them is rapidly perishing, unrecorded and irretrievable. How many prudent counsels, conceived in perplexed times; how many heart-stirring words, uttered when liberty was treason; how many brave and heroic deeds, performed when the halberd, not the laurel, was the promised meed of patriotic daring,—are already lost and forgotten in the graves of their authors. How little do we,—although we have been permitted to hold converse with the venerable remnants of that day,—how little do we know of their dark and anxious hours; of their secret meditations; of the hurried and perilous events of the momentous struggle. And while they are dropping round us like the leaves of autumn, and scarce a week passes that does not call away some member of the veteran ranks, already so sadly thinned, shall we make no effort to hand down the traditions of their day to our children; to pass the torch of liberty, which we received in all the splendor of its first enkindling, bright and flaming, to those who stand next us in the line; so that when we shall come to be gathered to the dust where

our fathers are laid, we may say to our sons and our grand sons, 'If we did not amass, we have not squandered your inheritance of glory?'

MOBS DESCRIBED AND CONTRASTED.

We have heard of those midnight scenes of desolation, when the populace of some overgrown capital, exhausted by the extremity of political oppression, or famishing at the gates of luxurious palaces, or kindled by some transport of fanatical zeal rushes out to find the victims of its fury; the lurid glare of torches, casting their gleams on faces dark with rage; the ominous din of the alarm bell striking with affright on the broken visions of the sleepers; the horrid yells, the thrilling screams, the multitudinous roar of the living storm, as it sweeps onward to its objects;—but oh, the disciplined, the paid, the honored mob; not moving in rags and starvation to some act of blood or plunder; but marching, in all the pomp and circumstance of war, to lay waste a feeble state; or cantoned at home among an overawed and broken-spirited people! I have read of granaries plundered, of castles sacked, and their inmates cruelly murdered, by the ruthless hands of the mob. I have read of friendly states ravaged, governments overturned, tyrannies founded and upheld, proscriptions executed, fruitful regions turned into trampled deserts, the tide of civilization

thrown back, and a line of generations cursed, by a well organized system of military force.

Such was the foundation in theory and in practice of all the governments which can be considered as having had a permanent existence in the world, before the Revolution in this country. There are certainly shades of difference between the oriental despotisms, ancient and modern,—the military empire of Rome,—the feudal sovereignties of the middle ages,—and the legitimate monarchies of the present day. Some were and are more, and some less, susceptible of melioration in practice; and of all of them it might perhaps be said,—being all in essence bad,

‘That, which is best administered, is best.’

PUBLIC OPINION.

There can be no retreat, for the great exemplar must stand, to convince the hesitating nations, under every reverse, that the reform they strive at is practicable, is real, is within their reach. Institutions may fluctuate; they may be pushed onward, as they were in France, to a premature simplicity, and fall back to a similitude of the ancient forms. But there is an element of popular strength abroad in the world, stronger than forms and institutions, and daily growing in power. A public opinion of a new kind has arisen among men,—the opinion of the civilized world. Springing into existence on the shores of our own continent,

it has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength; till now, this moral giant, like that of the ancient poet, marches along the earth and across the ocean, but his front is among the stars. The course of the day does not weary, nor the darkness of the night arrest him. He grasps the pillars of the temple where oppression sits enthroned, not groping and benighted, like the strong man of old, to be crushed himself beneath the fall; but trampling, in his strength, on the massy ruins.

STRICTURE ON AN ASSERTION OF MR. BURKE.

‘In a state of rude nature, there is no such thing as a people!’ I would fain learn in what corner of the earth, rude or civilized, men are to be found, who are not a people, more or less improved. ‘A number of men in themselves have no collective capacity!’ I would gladly be told where,—in what region, I will not say of geography, but of poetry or romance,—a number of men has been placed, by nature, each standing alone, and not bound by any of those ties of blood, affinity, and language, which form the rudiments of a collective capacity. ‘The idea of a people is the idea of a corporation; it is wholly artificial, and made like all other legal fictions, by common agreement.’ Indeed, is the social principle artificial? is the gift of articulate speech, which enables man to impart his condition to man, the organized sense, which enables him to

comprehend what is imparted? is that sympathy, which subjects our opinions and feelings, and through them our conduct, to the influence of others, and their conduct to our influence? is that chain of cause and effect, which makes our characters receive impressions from the generations before us, and puts it in our power, by a good or bad precedent, to distil a poison or a balm into the characters of posterity,—are these, indeed, all by-laws of a corporation? Are all the feelings of ancestry, posterity, and fellow-citizenship; all the charm, veneration and love, bound up in the name of *country*; the delight, the enthusiasm, with which we seek out, after the lapse of generations and ages, the traces of our fathers' bravery or wisdom, are these all 'a legal fiction?' Is it indeed, a legal fiction, that moistens the eye of the solitary traveller, when he meets a countryman in a foreign land? Is it a 'common agreement,' that gives its meaning to my mother tongue, and enables me to speak to the hearts of my kindred men, beyond the rivers and beyond the mountains? Yes, it is a common agreement; recorded on the same registry with that, which marshals the winged nations, that,

In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons; and set forth
Their airy caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight.

The mutual dependence of man on man, family on family, interest on interest, is but a

chapter in the great law, not of corporations, but of nature. The law, by which commerce, manufactures, and agriculture support each other, is the same law, in virtue of which the thirsty earth owes its fertility to the rivers and the rains; and the clouds derive their high-travelling waters from the rising vapours; and the ocean is fed from the secret springs of the mountains; and the plant that grows derives its increase from the plant that decays; and all subsist and thrive, not by themselves but by others, in the great political economy of nature. The necessary cohesion of the parts of the political system is no more artificial, than the gravity of the natural system, in which planet is bound to planet, and all to the sun, and the sun to all. And yet the great political, intellectual, moral system, which we call a People, is a legal fiction! 'O that mine enemy had said it,' the admirers of Mr. Burke may well exclaim. O that that some ruthless Voltaire, some impious Rousseau had uttered it. Had uttered it? Rousseau did utter the same thing; and more rebuked than any other error of this misguided genius, is his doctrine of the Social Contract, of which Burke has reasserted, and more than reasserted the principle, in the sentences I have quoted.

NAPOLEON.

The wars of the last generation I need not name, nor dwell on that signal retribution, by

which the political ambition of the cabinets at length conjured up the military ambition of the astonishing individual, who seems, in our day, to have risen out of the ranks of the people, to chastise the privileged orders with that iron scourge, with which they had so long afflicted mankind; to gather with his strong Plebeian hands the fragrance of those palmy honors, which they had reared for three centuries in the bloody gardens of their royalty.

PROPER USE OF POPULAR RIGHTS.

The great use, then, to be made of popular rights should be popular improvement. Let the young man, who is to gain his living by his labor and skill, remember that he is a citizen of a free state; that on him and his contemporaries it depends, whether he will be happy and prosperous himself in his social condition, and whether a precious inheritance of social blessings shall descend, unimpaired, to those who come after him; that there is no important difference in the situation of individuals, but that which they themselves cause, or permit to exist; that if something of the inequality in the goods of fortune, which is inseparable from human things, exist in this country, it ought to be viewed only as another excitement to that industry, by which, nine times out of ten, wealth is acquired; and still more to that cultivation of the mind, which next to it

the moral character, makes the great difference between man and man. The means are already ample and accessible; and it is for the majority of the community, by a tax, of which the smallest proportion falls on themselves, to increase these means to any desirable extent.

CUI BONO?

There is then no good in the mere animal life, except that it is the physical basis of that higher moral existence, which resides in the soul, the heart, the mind, the conscience; in good principles, good feelings, and the good actions, (and the more disinterested, the more entitled to be called good), which flow from them. Now, sir, I say that generous and patriotic sentiments; sentiments, which prepare us to serve our country, to live for our country, to die for our country,—feelings like those, which carried Prescott, and Warren, and Putnam to the battle-field, are good,—good, humanly speaking, of the highest order. It is good to have them, good to encourage them, good to honor them, good to commemorate them;—and whatever tends to cherish, animate and strengthen such feelings, does as much right down practical good, as filling up low grounds and building rail-roads. This is my demonstration. I wish, sir, not to be misunderstood. I admit the connexion between enterprises, which promote the physical prosperity of the country, and its intellectual and

moral improvement ; but I maintain, that it is only *this connexion* that gives these enterprises all their value ; and that the same connexion gives a like value to every thing else, which, through the channel of the senses, the taste, or the imagination, warms and elevates the heart.

PROGRESS OF INTELLECTUAL DISCOVERIES.

It may not irreverently be conjectured to be the harmonious plan of the universe, that its two grand elements of mind and matter should be accurately adjusted to each other ; that there should be full occupation in the physical world, in its laws and properties, and in the moral and social relations connected with it, for the contemplative and active powers of every created intellect. The imperfection of human institutions has, as far as man is concerned, disturbed the pure harmony of this great system. On the one hand, much truth, discoverable even at the present stage of human improvement, as we have every reason to think, remains undiscovered. On the other hand, thousands and millions of rational minds, for want of education, opportunity and encouragement, have remained dormant and inactive, though surrounded on every side by those qualities of things, whose action and combination, no doubt, still conceal the sublimest and most beneficial mysteries.

But a portion of the intellect, which has

been placed on this goodly theatre, is wisely, intently, and successfully active; ripening, even on earth, into no mean similitude of higher natures. From time to time, a chosen hand, sometimes directed by chance, but more commonly guided by reflection, experiment, and research, touches, as it were, a spring until then unperceived; and, through what seemed a blank and impenetrable wall,—the barrier to all farther progress,—a door is thrown open into some before unexplored hall in the sacred temple of truth. The multitude rushes in, and wonders that the portals could have remained concealed so long. When a brilliant discovery or invention is proclaimed, men are astonished to think how long they have lived on its confines, without penetrating its nature.

SCHOOL OF WASHINGTON.

Thus, at a period of life, when, in a more quiet and advanced stage of society, the intelligent youth is occupied in the elementary studies of the schools and colleges, Washington was running the surveyor's chain through the fertile valleys of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany mountains; passing days and weeks in the wilderness, beneath the shadow of eternal forests;—listening to the voice of the waterfalls, which man's art had not yet set to the healthful music of the saw-mill or the trip-hammer;—reposing from the labors of the day on a bear-skin, with his feet to the blazing

logs of a camp-fire ; and sometimes startled from the deep slumbers of careless hard-working youth, by the alarm of the Indian war whoop. This was the gymnastic school, in which Washington was brought up ; in which his quick glance was formed, destined to range hereafter across the battle field, through clouds of smoke, and bristling rows of bayonets ;—the school in which his senses, weaned from the taste for those detestable indulgences miscalled pleasures, in which the flower of adolescence so often languishes and pines away, were early braced up to the sinewy manhood, which becomes the

Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

You behold in this one extract your Washington, complete, mature, ready for the salvation of his country. The occasion that calls him out may come soon, or it may come late, or it may come both soon and late ; whenever it comes, he is ready for the work. A misguided ministry may accelerate, or measures of conciliation retard, the struggle ; but its hero is prepared. His bow of might is strung, and his quiver hangs from his shoulders, stored with three-bolted thunders. The summons to the mighty conflict may come the next year,—the next day ; it will find the rose of youth on his cheek but it will find him wise, cautious, prudent, and grave ; it may come after the

lapse of time, and find his noble countenance marked with the lines of manhood, but it will find him alert, vigorous, unexhausted. It may reach him the next day, on the frontiers in arms for the protection of the settlement; it may reach him at the meridian of life, in the retirement of Mount Vernon; it may reach him as he draws near to the grave; but it will never take him by surprise. It may summon him to the first Congress at Philadelphia; it will find him brief of speech, in matter weighty, pertinent, and full; in resolution firm as the perpetual hills, in personal influence absolute. It may call him to the command of armies; the generous rashness of youth alone will be chastened by the responsibility of his great trust, but in all else he will exhibit unchanged that serene and godlike courage, with which he rode unharmed through the iron sleet of Braddock's field. It may call him to take part in the convention, assembled to give a constitution to the rescued and distracted country. The soldier has disappeared, the statesman, the patriot, is at the post of duty; he sits down in the humblest seat of the civilian, till in the assembly of all that is wisest in the land, he, by one accord is felt the presiding mind. It will call him to the highest trust of the new-formed government; he will conciliate the affections of the country in the dubious trial of the constitution; and he will organize, administer, and lay down the arduous duties of a chief magistracy unparal-

leled in its character, without even the suspicion of swerving in a single instance from the path of rectitude. Lastly, the voice of a beloved country may call him for a third time, on the verge of threescore years and ten, to the field. The often sacrificed desire for repose,—the number and variety of services already performed;—his declining years might seem to exempt him, but he will obey the sacred call of his country in his age, as he obeyed it in his youth. He gave to his fellow citizens the [morning, he will give them the evening, of his existence;—he will exhaust the last hour of his being, and breathe his dying breath in the service of his country.

PICTURE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Next come the ravages of this all-destroying vice on the health of its victims. You see them resolved, as it were, to anticipate the corruption of their natures. They cannot wait to get sick and die. They think the worm is slow in his approach, and sluggish at his work. They wish to reconvert the dust, before their hour comes, into its primitive deformity and pollution. My friend, who spoke before me, (Dr. Pierson), called it a *partial* death. I would rather call it a *double* death, by which they drag about them, above the grave, a mass of diseased, decaying, aching clay. They will not only commit suicide, but do it in such a way as to be the witnesses and

conscious victims of the cruel process of self-murder; doing it by degrees, by inches; quenching the sight, benumbing the brain, laying down the arm of industry to be cut off; and changing a fair, healthy, robust frame, for a shrinking, suffering, living, corpse, with nothing of vitality but the power of suffering, and with every thing of death but its peace.

Then follows the wreck of property,—the great object of human pursuit; the temporal ruin, which comes, like an avenging angel, to waste the substance of the intemperate; which crosses their threshold, commissioned, as it were, to plague them with all the horrors of a ruined fortune and blasted prospect; and passes before their astonished sight, in the dread array of affairs perplexed, debts accumulated, substance squandered, honor tainted,—wife, children cast out upon the mercy of the world,—and he, who should have been their guardian and protector, dependent for his unearned daily bread on those to whom he is a burden and a curse.

Bad as all this is, much as it is, it is neither the greatest nor the worst part of the aggravations of the crime of intemperance. It produces consequences of still more awful moment. It first exasperates the passions, and then takes off from them the restraints of the reason and will; maddens and then unchains the tiger, ravening for blood; tramples all the intellectual and moral man under the feet of the stimulated clay; lays the understanding,

the kind affections, and the conscience, in the same grave with prosperity and health; and, having killed the body, kills the soul!

PARTY SPIRIT.

The spirit of party unquestionably has its source in some of the native passions of the heart; and free governments naturally furnish more of its aliment than those under which the liberty of speech and of the press is restrained by the strong arm of power. But so naturally does party run into extremes, so unjust, cruel, and remorseless is it in its excess,—so ruthless in the war which it wages against private character,—so unscrupulous in the choice of means for the attainment of selfish ends,—so sure is it, eventually to dig the grave of those free institutions, of which it pretends to be the necessary accompaniment,—so inevitably does it end in military despotism and unmitigated tyranny, that I do not know how the voice and influence of a good man could, with more propriety, be exerted, than in the effort to assuage its violence.

CONNEXION BETWEEN LITERATURE AND LIBERTY.

The more diffusive and popular nature of the Grecian literature was evidently the cause of the preservation of the national spirit of the Greeks, and with it of their political exist-

ence. Greece, it is true, fell, and with it the civilization of the ancient world. In this, it may seem to present us rather an illustration of the inefficiency than of the power of the preservative principle of letters. But let us bear in mind, in the first place, that greatly as the Greeks excelled the eastern nations in the diffusion of knowledge, they yet fell infinitely below the modern world, furnished as it is, with the all-efficacious art of printing. Still more, let us recollect, that if Greece, in her fall, affords an example of the insufficiency of the ancient civilization, her long, glorious, and never wholly unsuccessful struggles, and her recent recovery from barbarism, furnish the most pleasing proof, that there is a life-spring of immortality in the combined influence of letters, freedom, and religion. Greece indeed fell. But how did she fall? Did she fall like Babylon? Did she fall 'like Lucifer, never to hope again?' Or did she not rather go down, like that brighter luminary, of which Lucifer is but the herald?

So sinks the day-star in the ocean's bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and, with new-spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

What, but the ever living power of literature and religion, preserved the light of civilization and the intellectual stores of the past, undiminished in Greece, during the long and dreary ages of the decline and downfall of the Roman empire? What preserved these sterile provinces and petty islets from sinking, beyond redemption, in the gulf of barbarity, in

which Cyrene, and Egypt, and Syria, were swallowed up? It was Christianity and letters, retreating to their fastnesses on mountain tops, and in secluded vallies,—the heights of Athos, the peaks of Meteora, the caverns of Arcadia, the secluded cells of Patmos. Here, while all else in the world seemed swept away, by one general flood of barbarism, civil discord, and military oppression, the Greek monks of the dark ages preserved and transcribed their Homers, their Platos, and their Plutarchs. There never was, strictly speaking, a dark age in Greece. Eustathius wrote his admirable commentaries on Homer, in the middle of the twelfth century. That surely, if ever, was the midnight of the mind; but it was clear and serene day in his learned cell; and Italy, proud already of her Dante, her Boccaccio, and Petrarch,—her Medicean patronage, and her reviving arts,—did not think it beneath her to sit at the feet of the poor fugitives from the final downfall of Constantinople.

LAFAYETTE'S WELCOME.

Had the deputed representatives of these various interests and conditions been assembled, at some one grand ceremonial of reception, in honor of the illustrious visitor, it would, even as the pageant of a day, have formed an august spectacle. It would even then have outshone those illustrious triumphs of Rome, where conquered nations and captive princes followed in

the train, which seemed with reason almost to lift the frail mortal thus honored, above the earth, over which he was borne. But when we consider, that this glorious and purer triumph was co-extensive with the Union,—that it swept majestically along, from city to city and from state to state,—one unbroken progress of rapturous welcome ;—banishing feuds, appeasing dissensions, hushing all tumults but the acclamations of joy,—uniting in one great act of public salutation, the conflicting parties of a free people, on the eve and throughout the course of a strenuous contest,—with the *aura epileptica* of the canvass already rushing over the body politic,—that it was continued near a twelvemonth, an *annus mirabilis* of rejoicing, auspiciously commenced, successfully pursued, and happily and gracefully accomplished, we perceive in it a chapter in human affairs equally singular, delightful, instructive, and without example.

FOURTH OF JULY.

I ever rejoice, when it is proposed to celebrate the Fourth of July, without distinction of party ; for this reason, that on this day,—and I hope not on this day alone,—I have a hand of fellowship and a heart warm with kind feeling, for every patriotic brother of the great American family. I would devote this day, not to the discussion of topics which divide the people, but to the memory of the

events and of the men which unite their affections. I would call up, in the most imposing recollection, the venerated images of our patriotic ancestors. I would strive to place myself in the actual presence of that circle of sages, whose act has immortalized the day. As they rise one by one to the eye of a grateful imagination, my heart bows down at the sight of their venerable features, their gray hairs, and their honorable scars; and every angry feeling settles into reverence and love.

THE ASYLUM OF LIBERTY.

When we engage in that solemn study, the history of our race; when we survey the progress of man, from his cradle in the East to these limits of his wandering; when we behold him forever flying westward from civil and religious thralldom, over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise, to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian climes, we cannot but exclaim with Bishop Berkeley, the generous prelate of England, who bestowed his benefactions, as well as blessings, on our country;

Westward the Star of Empire takes its way;
 The four first acts already past,
 The fifth shall close the drama of the day;
 Time's noblest offspring is the last.

In that high romance, if romance it be, in which the great minds of antiquity sketched the fortunes of the ages to come, they pictured

to themselves a favored region beyond the ocean; a land of equal laws and happy men.

THREE PICTURES OF BOSTON.

To understand the character of the commerce of our own city, we must not look merely at one point, but at the whole circuit of country, of which it is the business centre. We must not contemplate it only at this present moment of time, but we must bring before our imaginations, as in the shifting scenes of a diorama, at least three successive historical and topographical pictures; and truly instructive I think it would be, to see them delineated on canvass. We must survey the first of them in the company of the venerable John Winthrop, the founder of the State. Let us go up with him, on the day of his landing, the seventeenth of June, 1630, to the heights of yonder peninsula, as yet without a name. Landward stretches a dismal forest; seaward a waste of waters, unspotted with a sail, except that of his own ship. At the foot of the hill, you see the cabins of Walford and the Spragues, who, the latter a year before, the former still earlier, had adventured to this spot, untenanted else by any child of civilization. On the other side of the river lies Mr. Blackstone's farm. It comprises three goodly hills, converted by a spring-tide into three wood-crowned islets; and it is mainly valued for a noble spring of fresh water, which gushes

from the northern slope of one of these hills, and which furnished, in the course of the summer, the motive for transferring the seat of the infant settlement. This shall be the first picture.

The second shall be contemplated from the same spot, the heights of Charlestown; on the same day, the eventful seventeenth of June, one hundred and forty-five years later, namely, in the year 1775. A terrific scene of war rages on the top of the hill. Wait for a favorable moment, when the volumes of fiery smoke roll away, and over the masts of that sixty gun ship, whose batteries are blazing upon the hill, you behold Mr. Blackstone's farm changed to an ill-built town of about two thousand dwelling-houses, mostly of wood, with scarce any public buildings but eight or nine churches, the old State house, and Faneuil Hall; Roxbury beyond, an insignificant village; a vacant marsh, in all the space now occupied by Cambridgeport and East Cambridge, by Chelsea and East Boston; and beneath your feet the town of Charlestown, consisting in the morning of a line of about three hundred houses, wrapped in a sheet of flames at noon, and reduced at eventide to a heap of ashes.

But those fires are kindled on the altar of liberty. American independence is established. American commerce smiles on the spot; and now from the top of one of the triple hills of Mr. Blackstone's farm, a stately edifice

arises, which seems to invite us as to an observatory. As we look down from this lofty structure, we behold the third picture: a crowded, busy scene. We see beneath us a city containing eighty or ninety thousand inhabitants, and mainly built of brick and granite. Vessels of every description are moored at the wharves. Long lines of commodious and even stately houses cover a space which, within the memory of man, was in a state of nature. Substantial blocks of warehouses and stores have forced their way to the channel. Faneuil Hall itself, the consecrated and unchangeable, has swelled to twice its original dimensions. Athenæums, hospitals, asylums, and infirmaries, adorn the streets. The school-house rears its modest front in every quarter of the city, and sixty or seventy churches attest that the children are content to walk in the good old ways of their fathers. Connected with the city by eight bridges, avenues, or ferries, you behold a range of towns most of them municipally distinct, but all of them in reality forming with Boston one vast metropolis, animated by one commercial life. Shading off from these, you see that most lovely back-ground, a succession of happy settlements, spotted with villas, farm-houses and cottages; united to Boston by a constant intercourse; sustaining the capital from their fields and gardens, and prosperous in the reflux of the city's wealth. Of the social life included within this circuit, and of all that in

times past has adorned and ennobled it, commercial industry has been an active element, and has exalted itself by its intimate association with everything else we hold dear. Within this circuit what memorials strike the eye; what recollections; what institutions; what patriotic treasures and names that cannot die! There lie the canonized precincts of Lexington and Concord; there rise the sacred heights of Dorchester and Charlestown; there is Harvard, the ancient and venerable, foster-child of public and private liberality in every part of the State; to whose existence Charlestown gave the first impulse, to whose growth and usefulness the opulence of Boston has at all times ministered with open hand. Still farther on than the eye can reach, four lines of communication by railroad and steam have within our own day united with the capital by bands of iron, a still broader circuit of towns and villages. Hark to the voice of life and business which sounds along the lines! While we speak, one of them is shooting onward to the illimitable west, and all are uniting with the other kindred enterprises, to form one harmonious and prosperous whole, in which town and country, agriculture and manufactures, labor and capital, art and nature—wrought and compacted into one grand system—are constantly gathering and diffusing, concentrating and radiating the economical, the social, the moral blessings of a liberal and diffusive commerce.

In mere prosperity and the wealth it diffuses, there is no ground for moral approbation; though I believe in any long period of time it will be found that those communities only are signally prosperous where virtuous principle is revered as the rule of conduct. It is the chief glory of our commercial community, that the old standard of morals is still kept up; that industry and frugality are still held in honorable repute; that the rage for speculation has not eaten out the vitals of character, and that lucky fraud, though plated stiff with ill-gotten treasure, dare not yet lift up its bold, unblushing face in the presence of the humblest man who eats the bread of honest industry.

THE WINTER EVENINGS.

This season seems provided, as if expressly, for the purpose of furnishing those who labor, with ample opportunity for the improvement of their minds. The severity of the weather, and the shortness of the days, necessarily limit the proportion of time, which is devoted to outdoors' industry; and there is little to tempt us abroad, in search of amusement. Every thing seems to invite us to employ an hour or two of this calm and quiet season, in the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the cultivation of the mind. The noise of life is hushed; the pavement ceases to resound with the din of laden wheels, and the tread of busy men; the glaring sun has gone down, and the moon and the

stars are left to watch in the heavens, over the slumbers of the peaceful creation. The mind of man should keep its vigils with them; and while his body is reposing from the labors of the day, and his feelings are at rest from its excitements, he should seek, in some amusing and instructive page, a substantial food for the generous appetite for knowledge.

THE ROAD TO HONOR OPEN TO ALL.

When the rich man is called from the possession of his treasures, he divides them as he will among his children and heirs. But an equal Providence deals not so with the living treasures of the mind. There are children just growing up in the bosom of obscurity, in town and country, who have inherited nothing but poverty and health, who will, in a few years, be striving in stern contention with the great intellects of the land. Our system of free schools has opened a straight way from the threshold of every abode, however humble, in the village or in the city, to the high places of usefulness, influence, and honor. And it is left for each, by the cultivation of every talent; by watching with an eagle's eye for every chance of improvement; by bounding forward, like a greyhound, at the most distant glimpse of honorable opportunity; by grappling, as with hooks of steel, to the prize, when it is won; by redeeming time, defying temptation, and scorning sensual pleasure, to make himself useful, honored, and happy.

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE FAVORABLE TO
THE GROWTH OF SCIENCE.

Every portion of knowledge now possessed, every observed fact, every demonstrated principle, is a clew, which we hold by one end in the hand, and which is capable of guiding the faithful inquirer farther and farther into the inmost recesses of the labyrinth of nature. Ages on ages *may* elapse, before it conduct the patient intellect to the wonders of science, to which it will eventually lead him; and, perhaps, with the next step he takes, he will reach the goal. and principles, destined to affect the condition of millions, beam in characters of light upon his understanding. What was at once more unexpected and more obvious, than Newton's discovery of the nature of light? Every living being, since the creation of the world, had gazed on the rainbow; to none had the beautiful mystery revealed itself. And even the great philosopher himself, while dissecting the solar beam, while actually untwisting the golden and silver threads that compose the ray of light, laid open but half its wonders. And who shall say that to us, to whom, as we think, modern science has disclosed the residue, truths more wonderful than those now known, will not yet be revealed?

It is, therefore, by no means to be inferred, because the human mind has seemed to linger for a long time around certain results,—as ultimate principles,—that they and the princi-

ples closely connected with them, are not likely to be pushed much farther ; nor, on the other hand, does the intellect always require much time to bring its noblest fruits to seeming perfection. It was, I suppose, about two thousand years from the time when the peculiar properties of the magnet were first served, before it became, through the means of those qualities, the pilot which guided Columbus to the American continent. Before the invention of the compass could take full effect, it was necessary that some navigator should practically and boldly grasp the idea that the globe is round. The two truths are apparently without connexion ; but in their application to practice, they are intimately associated. Hobbes says that Dr. Harvey the illustrious discoverer of the circulation of the blood, is the only author of a great discovery, who ever lived to see it universally adopted. To the honor of subsequent science, this remark could not now, with equal truth, be made. Nor was Harvey himself without some painful experience of the obstacles arising from popular ignorance, against which truth sometimes forces its way to general acceptance. When he first proposed the beautiful doctrine, his practice fell off ; people would not continue to trust their lives in the hands of such a dreamer. When it was firmly established, and generally received, one of his opponents published a tract, *de circulo sanguinis Salomoneo*, and proved from the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, that the circu-

lation of the blood was no secret, in the time of Solomon. The whole doctrine of the Reformation may be found in the writings of Wicliff; but neither he nor his age felt the importance of his principles, nor the consequences to which they led. Huss had studied the writings of Wicliff in manuscript, and was in no degree behind him, in the boldness with which he denounced the papal usurpations. But his voice was not heard beyond the mountains of Bohemia;—and he expired in agony at the stake, and his ashes were scattered upon the Rhine. A hundred years passed away. Luther, like an avenging angel, burst upon the world, and denounced the corruptions of the church, and rallied the host of the faithful, with a voice which might almost call up those ashes from their watery grave, and form and kindle them again into a living witness to the truth.

Thus Providence, which has ends innumerable to answer, in the conduct of the physical and intellectual, as of the moral world, sometimes permits the great discoverers fully to enjoy their fame; sometimes to catch but a glimpse of the extent of their achievements; and sometimes sends them, dejected and heart-broken, to the grave, unconscious of the importance of their own discoveries, and not merely undervalued by their contemporaries, but by themselves. It is plain that Copernicus, like his great contemporary Columbus, though fully conscious of the boldness and the

novelty of his doctrine, saw but a part of the changes it was to effect in science. After harboring in his bosom for long, long years, that pernicious heresy,—the solar system,—he died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life, with a little help from the imagination, would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years, he has revolved and matured in his mind, his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity, a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his work from the press; and to make known his system but to a few confidential disciples and friends. At length he draws near his end; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on ‘the revolutions of the heavenly orbs’ to his friends for publication. The day, at last, has come, on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the twenty-fourth of May, 1543. On that day,—the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind, operating upon an exhausted frame,—an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour has come; he lies stretched upon the couch, from which he will never rise, in his apartment at the Canonry at Frauenberg, in East Prussia. The beams of the setting sun glance through the gothic windows of his chamber; near his bed-side is the armillary sphere, which he has contrived, to represent his theory of

the heavens,—his picture, painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it his astrolabe and other imperfect astronomical instruments; and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment opens; the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters; it is a friend, who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows that in that book he contradicts all that had ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers;—he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world had acknowledged for a thousand years;—he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations;—he knows that the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him;—but he knows that his book is true. He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth, as his dying bequest, to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it, place himself between the window and his bed-side, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume and he may behold it once, before his eye grows dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires. But no, he is not wholly gone! A smile lights up his dying countenance;—a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye;—his lips move;—and the friend, who leans over him, can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments, which the Christian

lyrist, of a later age, has so finely expressed in verse ;—

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light!
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night!
And thou, refulgent orb of day, in brighter flames arrayed,
My soul which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy
aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with
God!

So died the great Columbus of the heavens. His doctrine, at first for want of a general diffusion of knowledge, forced its way with difficulty against the deep-rooted prejudices of the age. Tycho Brahe attempted to restore the absurdities of the Ptolemaic system; but Kepler, with a sagacity, which more than atones for all his strange fancies, laid hold of the theory of Copernicus, with a grasp of iron, and dragged it into repute. Galileo turned his telescope to the heavens, and observed the phases of Venus, which Copernicus boldly predicted must be discovered, as his theory required their appearance; and lastly Newton arose, like a glorious sun, scattering the mists of doubt and opposition, and ascended the heavens full-orbed and cloudless, establishing at once his own renown and that of his predecessors, and crowned with the applauses of the world; but declaring, with that angelic modesty which marked his character, ‘I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy, playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in finding now and then a peb-

ble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.*

But whether the progress of any particular discovery toward a general reception be prompt or tardy, it is one of the laws of intellectual influence, as it is one of the great principles, on which we maintain, that the general diffusion of knowledge is favorable to the growth of science, that whatsoever be the fortune of inventors and discoverers, the invention and discovery are immortal,—the teacher dies in honor or neglect, but his doctrine survives. Faggots may consume his frame, but the truths he taught, like the spirit it enclosed, can never die. Partial and erroneous views may even retard his own mind, in the pursuit of a fruitful thought; but the errors of one age are the guides of the next; and the failure of one great mind but puts its successor on a different track, and teaches him to approach the object from a new point of observation.

In estimating the effect of a popular system of education upon the growth of science, it is necessary to bear in mind a circumstance, in which the present age and that which preceded it, are strongly discriminated from former periods; and that is the vastly greater extent, to which science exists among men, who do not desire to be known to the world as authors. Since the dawn of civilization on Egypt and Asia

*Brewster's Life of Sir Isaac Newton.

Minor, there have never been wanting individuals,—sometimes many flourishing at the same time,—who have made the most distinguished attainments in knowledge. Such, however, has been the condition of the world, that they formed a class by themselves. Their knowledge was transmitted in schools, often under strict injunctions of secrecy ; or if recorded in books,—for want of the press, and owing to the constitution of society,—it made but little impression on the mass of the community and the business of life. As far as there is any striking exception to this remark, it is in the *free states* of antiquity, in which, through the medium of the popular organization of the governments, and the necessity of constant appeals to the people, the cultivated intellect was brought into close association with the understandings of the majority of men. This fact may perhaps go far to explain the astonishing energy and enduring power of the Grecian civilization, which remains to this day, after all that has been said to explain it, one of the most extraordinary facts in the history of the human mind.

PRESERVATION OF THE UNION A PARAMOUNT
DUTY.

And what is the cause of this wonderful and auspicious change ;—auspicious, however transitory its duration may unfortunately prove? That cause is to be sought in a principle so

vital, that it is almost worth the peril to which the country's best interests have been exposed, to see its existence and power made manifest and demonstrated. This principle is, that the union of the States,—which has been in danger,—must, at all hazards, be preserved; that union, which, in the same parting language of Washington, which I have already cited, 'is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, the support of our tranquility at home, our peace abroad, our safety, our prosperity; of that very liberty which we so highly prize.' Men have forgotten their little feuds, in the perils of the Constitution. The afflicted voice of the country, in its hour of danger, has charmed down, with a sweet persuasion, the angry passions of the day, and men have felt that they had no heart to ask themselves the question, Whether their party were triumphant or prostrate? when the infinitely more momentous question was pressing upon them, Whether the Union was to be preserved or destroyed?

In speaking, however, of the preservation of the Union, as the great and prevailing principle in our political system, I would not have it understood, that I suppose this portion of the country to be more interested in it than any other. The intimation which is sometimes made, and that the belief which, in some quarters, is avowed, the Northern States have a peculiar and a selfish interest in the preservation of the Union;—that they derive advantages from it, at the

uncompensated expense of other portions;—I take to be one of the grossest delusions ever propagated by men, deceived themselves, or willing to deceive others. I know, indeed, that the dissolution of the Union would be the source of incalculable injury to every part of it; as it would, in great likelihood, lead to border and civil war, and eventually to military despotism. But not to us would the bitter chalice be first presented. This portion of the Union,—erroneously supposed to have a peculiar interest in its preservation,—would be sure to suffer, no doubt, but it would also be among the last to suffer, from that deplorable event; while that portion, which is constantly shaking over us the menace of separation, would be swept with the besom of destruction, from the moment an offended Providence should permit that purpose to reach its ill-starred maturity.

Far distant be all these inauspicious calculations. It is the natural tendency of celebrating the Fourth of July, to strengthen the sentiment of attachment to the Union. It carries us back to other days of yet greater peril to our beloved country, when a still stronger bond of feeling and action united the hearts of her children. It recalls to us the sacrifices of those who deserted all the walks of private industry, and abandoned the prospects of opening life, to engage in the service of their country. It reminds us of the fortitude of those who took upon themselves the perilous responsibility of leading the public councils in the

paths of revolution ; in the sure alternative of that success, which was all but desperate, and that scaffold, already menaced as their predestined fate, if they failed. It calls up, as it were, from the beds of glory and peace where they lie,—from the heights of Charlestown to the southern plains,—the vast and venerable congregation of those who bled in the sacred cause. They gather in saddened majesty around us, and adjure us, by their returning agonies and reopening wounds, not to permit our feuds and dissensions to destroy the value of that birthright, which they purchased with their precious lives.

DIRGE OF ALARIC.

Alaric the Visigoth stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

When I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes;
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of power to rest;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was 'the scourge of God.'

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there:
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods, that gave them birth;—
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransomed of a conquered earth:
For, e'en though dead, will I control
The trophies of the capitol.

But when, beneath the mountain tide,
Ye've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot ;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look ;
And, now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world, in wrath to sweep,
And where I went the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
Beneath the terrors of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car ;
'T was God alone on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad with iron hand,
The appointed scourge at his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my way through seas of blood,
And, in the stream their hearts had spilt,
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help,
In vain, within their seven-hilled towers ;
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper dye
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

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